MEMORIES OF MONTANA

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GIFT OF
Late LeMay.

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Sincere good wishes of

the Author

Late Le May

"Montana's Father.

Birthday Memories

BIRTHDAY MEMORIES

To My Darling Montana

Every night there comes to me a memory of a
childish face that I love so dear;
Gently in my heart there's echoes of a sweet
voice that I'd love to hear;
'Tis the memory of Sweet Montana, the darling
girl who had to die,
In a fatal fall from the heavens, away up in
the sky.
As I watch the golden sun rays setting in the far
golden west—
In that land of sunshine and happiness that I
love the best,
There's a picture in my heart a-gleaming,
As I sit in my loneliness a seeming,
That I'm living over again and dreaming
Of a tiny little spot; 'twas our dear old Montana
home.
Where the elk and deer o'er the mountains and
sagebrush plains would roam,
Was the birthplace of Dearest Montana, where
to earth she was born,
On the twelfth of March, one cold and wintry
morn,
Where we lived in love and happiness as the
days and years sped by;
Where at night in the twilight you could hear
the coyote cry;
Where the cowboys and the freighters in chivalry
and delight
Enjoyed a social game of cards in the bunkhouse
at night;
Where the tourists in their glory came to tour
the Yellowstone Park,
And the geysers roared like fury as the water
they would spout.
When in awe you'd view the Devil's Kitchen it
would sort o' make your skin a-creepin' and
a-itchin'
As you'd view the Grand Canyon and the Morn-
ing-Glory pool,
You would think of God's wonders and the earth
he did rule,
Some super divine feeling would overcome you.
Ever and ever onward, year after year,
Herds of antelope, bison and deer,
Graze o'er the mountains and valleys, docile and
sedate,
And the trail leads a zigzagging across the
Yellowstone to the Golden Gate.
Through Hayden Valley and by Emerald Lake,
O'er Hell-Roaring Mountain to the Continental
Divide,
Where God in His majesty separates the waters
far and wide.
With the speed of an arrow dashing o'er boulder,
cataract and fall,

To the Atlantic and Pacific, the mightiest of all,
Flowing to the land of the East and to the land of the West,
Through canyon and gorge, beneath the lofty mountain crest,
Where the eagle and the magpie build their nest—
The enchanted land of the golden west, that our Darling Montana loved better than all of the rest.
Where her beautiful life was divinely inspired with the love of God and Heaven in her breast.
Beautiful, noble and grand was this darling baby girl, of the land of the far-away Golden West.
Can you grasp the heavenly beauty of a child with love so true,
That was born amid the surroundings that I've just described to you?
In her heart there was the glory of the Morning-Glory pool,
In her eyes were the reflections of its waters of azure blue.
O'er her face sweetly rippled as the smiling Yellowstone lake;
Just a beautiful picture, as an artist would make.
In the craggy cliffs of the Grand Canyon was the color of her hair,
And the tinting in her cheek and her lovely eyes were there,
While the roses blooming in her heart with fragrance and beauty rare,
And her memory, dear friend, may I plant in the garden of your heart—
For this charming girl, so fair!
There was bubbling within her soul love that happiness to you would bring,
Just as great and wonderful as the mighty old Mammoth Spring.
Forever and ever, to the end of my days, praises to her I will sing.
Vivacious and courageous as the beasts that roamed the park,
Just as meek and lovable as the tiny meadow-lark.
Her voice as the freshness of the first breath of May,
And her presence would fill you with heavenly love that would drive all sorrows away.
Her winsome smile your heart would beguile,
With love and affection worth while.
A peerless queen, a beautiful dream, she would seem.
Her style and winning ways never can I forget to the end of my days;
Lovable and true, in beautiful heaven she is waiting for me, for you.

* * * *

Dearest Little Montana, I love to tell the story of you, with God above;
It's all the happiness that's left me to tell of the one I love—

With Jesus up in glory I write for you my words of love,
This poem for you, my book is through,
Then I wonder what I will do.
But, perhaps, every day I will write and lay away,
Until for the third book I can finance and pay,
And I'd give it just the sweet little title—
Montana LeMay.
But there are many other things left for me to do for you;
Your friends, the birds, dogs and cats, I'll be so good and true,
And I'll feed them and pet them, give them a name, just as you used to.
Away over at Houston; this, dear girl, I hope that I can finance and do:
Erect a beautiful monument (where you fell), write some lovely inscription for you.
The identical place is carefully marked,
It was real close to Luna Park.
And so pretty it will be,
And just an everlasting memory of thee
That future generations may see where you in your last flight
To please and delight, lost your beautiful life.
Sweetest Little Montana, come to me in my dreams,
There's a spiritual understanding between you and me, it seems.
And though you're far, far away, it seems that you're with me each day
And that together we walk, talk and play.
And Dearest Montana, I wish that you only knew
All the dear, sweet thoughts that I have for you.
And Dear Little Montana, to you I'll be so steadfast and true;
And by your little grassy grave some happy day I'll come to you.
And to you and Dear God in heaven I will pray
That I'll meet you up yonder some happy, happy day.
Please come to me at my bedside and listen each night when I pray
And hear all the sweet words to you that I say,
And here's just one sweet and dear little verse that I'm writing all to you—
Then I'll say good-bye, but not farewell to you.

* * * *

The sweetest words, as the sparrow fall,
The greatest of girls of them all.
And the dearest thoughts that I have of you
Are such wonderful, wonderful thoughts
That have no language at all.

My Sweetest, My Dearest, and Darling Montana,
Good-bye, but not farewell.

This poem dedicated to my friends, Mr. and Mrs. William A. Hall, Gardiner, Montana; entrance Yellowstone National Park.

LATE LEMAY,
March 12, 1927. Palmdale, Florida.

Dearest Montana's Birthday Party

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B
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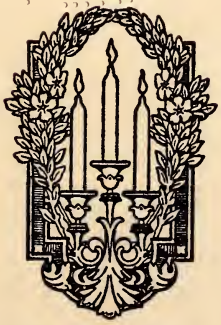
MEMORIES OF MONTANA

By LATE LE MAY

HER FATHER

PALMDALE, FLORIDA

1925



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Montana Composition—Serial 165.

DEAREST
Montana's Birthday Party
March 12th, 1928

THERE'S a little grave back in dear old Indiana, where the thrush and robins sing,
And the daisies and the violets blossom in the spring;
O'vr the grave of dearest "Montana," where the vining ivy clings.
On the twelfth of March, memories of her birthday bring.
In that land of waving cornfields, sycamore and elm trees,
With their low-hanging branches sighing in the breeze;
'Twas the home of her dear mother, and her father, too,
Where they whiled away life's golden childhood, and sorrows never knew,
Roaming thru the wooded meadows where the roses bloomed and grew.
O'er that grave back in dear old Indiana, there's a birthday party every spring,
And the birds will always warble and sweetly they will sing,
While in our hearts for-get-me-nots are blooming, that cherished memories bring,
As each year we are drawing nearer and nearer, and at night in my dream
I can see the flowers blooming o'er that grave of grassy green—
And the days of life that's left us now are only but a few.
Darling Montana, up in Heaven, our dearest birthday greetings we send to you—
And at your birthday party your dear, dear friends, the birds,
Have sung their sweetest songs of love to you.

Dedicated to
Miss Delphia Brinkmeier
5441 Thrush Avenue,
St. Louis, Mo.

By LATE LeMAY,
Oakridge—Palmdale, Florida.
March 12th, 1928.

T
B
L54 2

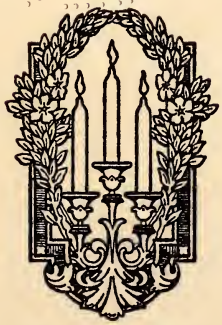
MEMORIES OF MONTANA

By LATE LE MAY

HER FATHER

PALMDALE, FLORIDA

1925



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Montana Composition Serial Nnmber 159

Montana's Christmas
1927

Montana Composition Serial Number 38

Darling Montana's Little Grave

Montana Composition Serial Number 160

Where the Roses Bloom for You

BY

LATE LEMAY

"Oakridge"

PALMDALE FLORIDA

Montana's Christmas 1927

Oh Star of Bethlehem, silently and bright,
Shine thru my cabin window thy radiant light.
Two empty stockings, reminding me that
Yuletide is near,
Of other Christmas evenings, when she was
here.
Two empty stockings—I touch them with love;
Born of the Spirit, of one gone above.
Two empty stockings, hanging so near—I'll
fill them with love
For you, Dearest Montana—my dear.
May God bless you in Heaven, but I'm so
lonely
That I wish you were here.
All alone in my cabin I'm sitting tonight,
With two empty stockings, by the candles'
light.
In my fancy, Darling Montana, you are here—
Star of Bethlehem, that's why up in Heaven
you're shining so bright
O'er the grave of Darling Montana, on this
beautiful Christmas night.

Dedicated to Miss Annie Booth,
Tabor, North Carolina.

May I Take a Peek at Your Christmas Tree

"Montana" Composition—Serial Number 161

By Montana's Father

LATE LEMAY, PALMDALE, FLORIDA

Dedicated to

MISS ANNA MAE NIPPER

Newberry, Florida

May I Take a Peek at Your Christmas Tree

"Montana" Composition—Serial Number 161

DEAR FRIEND, may I look through
your window and see,
May I take a "peek" at your Christ-
mas tree?
See all the candles that are burning so
bright—
And all the beautiful presents that fill you
with delight.
Years ago too, we had a little Christmas
tree,
And my heart grows sad in its memorie.
There was a little girl whose eyes always
shown so bright
From the candles that were burning their
wondrous light.
In memories of that Christmas tree of the
years ago,
Sadly now my heart it is filled with sadness
and woe
As tonight she lies sleeping in a grave
that's all covered with snow—
That little girl who had the Christmas
tree of the years ago.

Whenever I see dear old Santy carrying
his pack,
Thoughts of that dear little girl to me
always come back.
There's recollections of her dear and
sweet, fair face

Her beautiful golden hair, and her wondrous grace.
As in tenderness she would clasp the dolls that were dressed so fine,
And sweetly was the love of God that shown in here eyes that were divine.
Like a little fairy, flitting quietly, always she seemed to be
Playing around that tree in winsome love, and in her ecstasy.
Oh, Dear God, can't you bring her back on this Christmas night?

Oh, can't I peek again through your window, if I might?
But she is not there, no—no—no.
And again I must trudge through the deep, deep snow
To some other windows I must go.
Somewhere I will find her smiling, happy in delight,
At some little Christmas tree on this Christmas night.
Then from the sky came a dazzling, brilliant ray
That made the earth as light as day,
As a meteor falling from the Heavens came its fiery spray,
Glowing as a hallo of love over the grave
Of that little girl, our darling Montana Le May.

By LATE LeMAY.
Oakridge, Palmdale, Florida.
Dec. 1927.

Dedicated to
Miss Anna Mae Nipper,
Newberry, Florida.

Montana Composition Serial Number 38

Darling Montana's Little Grave

Beautiful Glencove, in thy silent night,
Glistening 'neath Heaven's stars so bright—
Angels' watch are keeping,
Dear ones with thee are sleeping.

In silence I wander, unknown, and all alone,
To find her name upon a stone.
An angel's whisper I hear that draws me near
That sweetest child, so dear—
A little grave, all so still—
Silently I draw near, in fear
That I shall awake that one asleep.

By the white stone, and all alone, I weep—
And softly to her I speak;
And all night long a watch I keep
O'er that dear girl who sweetly sleeps.
And when the morning's sun has come,
And my mission I have done,
With tearful eye I say good-bye
Until again to you I come.

Dedicated to Miss Evelyn Taylor,
Stockton, Georgia.

March 12, 1926.

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Montana Composition Serial Number 160

Where the Roses Bloom for You

We went walking thru the garden, where the roses were in bloom,
Darling Montana, sweetheart, ever kind and true.
And we knew of no sorrow when we talked of tomorrow—
As we walked along the river pathway,
Thru Paradise, where the roses grew.

Now there's a grave by that deep, blue river,
Where the roses bloomed and grew,
And up in beautiful Heaven, Darling Montana, sweetheart—
Who was ever kind and true;
But when I think of tomorrow
Sadly my heart it is turned into sorrow,
As I walk alone the pathway in the graveyard
Where the roses bloomed and grew.

In the garden of my sorrow, darling, when I think of you tomorrow,
In my heart there are roses always blooming dear, for you,
And my heart for you is sighing—
In the garden the petals of the roses are dying,
And in sympathy and plaintiveness the whip-porwill is crying—
Where the roses bloomed for you.

Always in my heart there is a sorrow when I think of you tomorrow,
As I walk thru the garden where the roses bloomed and grew—
But now I can hear the robin red-breast a-singing,
Joys of you from Heaven they are bringing—
As all alone I am walking thru the garden
Where the roses bloomed, and grew—for you.

Dedicated to Miss Folcee Bower,
Abbingdon, Virginia.

By LATE LeMAY,
Oakridge, Palmdale, Florida.
Dec. 29th, 1927.

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Our Loved One

In loving memory of our dear daughter and sister, who died two sad years ago today at Houston, Texas.

MR. AND MRS. LATE LeMAY,
ROGER LeMAY.

Oak Ridge, Palmdale, Florida
October 19, 1926

PREFACE

THIS little booklet is not posed as a work of literary art (all the fantastic imaginations of a novelist having been excluded), but it is written in the simple language adapted to the father in memory of his only beloved daughter, Montana, whose life was unmercifully sacrificed for the gain of money by her being furnished with defective equipment to use in that hazardous occupation.

There are many morals contained herein. I trust that perusal of the pages may point them out and that you may glean the beauties and noble traits of character of this darling daughter and sister, that her memory may live in your life until the end.

In a vision she came to me in her fall to earth, and I faithfully believe it was her wish that I spread her love and memory to you through this little book.

To readers and recipients of the book: I will gratefully appreciate a postal card of acknowledgment or comment. (Postal card preferred on account of uniformity in filing.)

Copies of this book will be mailed postpaid, free, as long as the supply lasts, upon request to

LATE LE MAY
Glades County. Palmdale, Florida.

Our Loved One

Far away down in the State of Texas,
Upon a bright and smiling Autumn day,
With three parachutes strapped on her belt—
Her heart light, happy and gay,
In a seventy-five foot balloon, from earth flew away—
The heroine of this story, our darling Montana LeMay.
She drifted a mile high, up into the azure sky;
Within her loving heart, no thought that she was going to die.
The crowds gasped in wonder at her daring feat,
And little did they reckon her death she would meet.

As the breath of the winds smoothed the ringlets and curls
Over the head of the world's fairest and dearest of girls;
The hand of God she kissed with her last breath
As from earth to heaven her spirit-soul left.
Nestled in a little casket of snowy white,
Her precious little body was sent that night
To her Grandma, whom she always loved so dear;
To friends that her smiles had given cheer—
Back to the little town she had visited each year.
But it was only her lifeless body we were sending there.
Far away up in Heaven, in that city so fair,
Her dear spirit soul was in God's tender care.

Mournfully the organ pealed the music
Upon that sorrowful and lonely day;
At the little Christian Church across the way,
From her Grandmother Walker's home on that fair October day.
The pallbearers carried that sweetest girl—Montana LeMay.
To the altar of the Christian Church that stood just across the way—
That oft in her life's gleefulness and childhood around that she had played.

The soloist sang the song—
"God be with you till we meet again;"
The echoes from heaven sounded now and then.
The sermon of God's master of the Lord,
Taught of living close to God and of one accord.
"Beautiful Isle of Somewhere!" that sweet refrain;
I can hear the angels up in heaven
Sing it o'er and o'er again;
The benediction and the blessings of her god, the great Jehovah,
And the funeral of Montana, our darling daughter, and sister, was over.

The church bell tolled solemnly as the long procession moved silently away,
That bore the darling body of our dearest little Montana LeMay.
Garlands of wreaths and flowers were strewn along the pathway;
To beautiful Glencove cemetery, to her little grave,
And by the side of Blue River's waters she was laid,
Where the shadows and the branches of the elms will shade
Precious Montana, our darling little heroine,
Who of death was unafraid.

Like the beautiful waters flowing through the Garden of Eden,
In our hearts dearest Montana will go on and on forever living.
The thunder roared and the lightning flashed from out the sky
O'er the grave of the little heroine that in her youth had to die.
And that night the beautiful stars of Heaven blossomed
Forgetmenots of the angels by her side.
And in the hearts of Montana's friends are the sad memories
Of her last and thrilling parachute ride.
And the trumpets of the Lord doth call—
Behold, I am the King, the Ruler over all.

By LATE LeMAY
Oak Ridge, Palmdale, Florida.
October 19, 1926.

PREFACE

THIS little booklet is not posed as a work of literary art (all the fantastic imaginations of a novelist having been excluded), but it is written in the simple language adapted to the father in memory of his only beloved daughter, Montana, whose life was unmercifully sacrificed for the gain of money by her being furnished with defective equipment to use in that hazardous occupation.

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LATE LE MAY
Glades County. Palmdale, Florida.

NOTICE
Please do not write in this
book or turn down the pages

CHAPTER I

ROCK-A-BYE BABY DAYS

TYPICAL of the West in those early pioneer days shortly after the advent of the line of steel rails laid by the Northern Pacific railway and the golden spike that united the twin cities of Minnesota unto the Pacific Ocean, our far western home on the border line of the states of Montana and Wyoming situated on the Montana side, nestled in beneath the towering mountains that raise their lofty peaks ten thousand feet into the heavens of the beautiful azure skies above, on the banks of that beautiful and commanding Yellowstone River, whose rushing waters, dashing madly onward against the huge boulders, crevasses and gorges that lie in its path, sending forth a mist and spray of yellowish-golden waters—marvelous to behold, and of magnificent grandeur.

A small hamlet of perhaps some two dozen houses, mostly of log construction with chinking of adobe, formed an interesting and picturesque scene of the early days of Cinnabar, Montana, inhabited by a moral, intelligent class of people of the frontier type. The grizzly old prospector, the cowboy, the old wagon freighter and the stage coach driver all made up the population of our quaint little village.

We were in the midst of a small but fertile valley which under irrigation grew abundantly in three short summer months our supply of vegetables and flowers of sweet perfume and fragrance which dotted the landscape here and there in profusion with their many and varied colors of wondrous beauty.

At the terminal of the Northern Pacific railway, entrance to the Yellowstone National Park, into

that fairyland of mystery, romance and enchantment—of petrified forests, geysers, pools and lakes of blue and purple waters—were stationed long lanes of the transportation company's Concord coaches brilliantly painted in shining bright yellow that was intermingled into the picture of paradise.

The narrow mountain road, winding in and out along precipices and over canyons, trailed onward and upward in a gradual ascension, with the beautiful mists and sprays of the waters of the Yellowstone and Gardiner rivers at a dizzy distance far below, unfolded to one the revelations of unsurpassed grandeur on arriving at the Mammoth Hot Spring Hotel, some three miles interior from the park boundary line and the railway terminal.

Attracted to this bewildering beauty spot were many artists of world fame and renown, who plunged forth into the canyons and mountains along the river shores standing with palette and brush in hand in awe and amazement of the beauties revealed to them of which nature had so bounteously lavished her charm.

Winters of long duration and intensity, pure air of an exhilarating freshness, bright days and starry nights, crisp, cold, and delightful, with heavy snowfall in the mountains and the passes, brought to our very door yard large herds of elk, antelope and deer that grazed in the lowlands unmolested by the inhabitants. The ideal gift of nature that providence had bestowed on this particular and remote region were abundantly provided for in its marvelous scenery and charm of exquisite beauties.

At this enchanted place there came into our home a life so sweet, so fair, and delicately perfumed with the love of God, that our happiness was completed. A beautiful little daughter, fair, golden hair, eyes of blue, a sweet disposition of purity and godliness—bewitching smiles of radiant beauty shown from her dear face as a halo of love from

the heavens above. So infatuated were we with our ideal gift of God's angel, that to us, those were dreamy days, weeks and years of supreme happiness that time can never efface, and it is with recollections of love and sincerity that I pause in memory of her rock-a-bye baby days.

In that invigorating climate she grew wonderfully healthy to a large, strong baby girl. She was our pride, our joy and happiness, christened Norvella Montana, named after her Aunt Norvella and the state of her birth. Upon recommendation of two eminent physicians, Dr. Allen, of the Montana Coal and Coke Company, and Dr. A. E. Bradley of the U. S. A., of Fort Yellowstone, Wyoming, as to the healthfulness and nutriment derived from a certain brand of condensed milk, it was decided that would be her diet, which with thanks to the Eagle Brand Milk Company, their product proved all that was claimed for it, and which is hereinafter referred to as "at the bottle" in telegrams. On a short visit to the Pacific Coast, strongly at the solicitation of a relative, Mrs. Vie McKown, of Spokane, Washington, we were to leave little Montana with her while Mrs. LeMay and I visited at Portland, Tacoma and Seattle, Washington, where we were to receive tidings, of our dearest little Montana daily via the Western Union Telegraph Company. Copies of those messages are below, that I have carefully preserved in a scrap book, along with other memories these many years.

RK—245—Am—A—B

Mammoth Hot Springs, Wyo., June 18, 1896.

Late LeMay,

Upper Basin, Yellowstone Park, Wyo.

Baby is all right. J.

8—SK—A—KN—10—D—H—120—PM

Spokane, Wash., June 26, 1896.

Late LeMay, Tacoma, Wash.

Norvella getting along nicely. She is at the bottle now.

Mrs. J. H. McKown.

PO—94—U—RA—9—DH

Spokane, Wash., June 27, 1896.

Late LeMay, Seattle, Wash.

Norvella is well and sleeps good; getting along fine.

Mrs. J. H. McKown.

64—SK—A—N9—DH—129—PM

Spokane, Wash., June 30, 1896.

Late LeMay, Portland, Ore.

Norvella is well. Don't hurry; have a good time.

Mrs. J. H. McKown.

After a brief visit on the coast we were anxious and eager to return to Spokane, get our darling child, and get back to our modest little home among the mountains, which in no way would compare with the modern and pretentious homes and hostelries we had sojourned in on our brief visit, which, by the way, I believe would have proven more enjoyable to the dear young mother had she had her precious darling, Montana, with her. However, it would have been difficult indeed to have found a more experienced and faithful person than our dear relative, Mrs. McKown, to have entrusted our dearest child with. Upon returning to Spokane, we were gratified beyond expression to find our little Montana in the pink of babyhood, happy and smiling, as usual, and she actualy welcomed us back, notwithstanding her young months of life.

Again reaching our Cinnabar home and taking up our regular duties and routine of life, we were happy with the love and existence of our dear little Montana. It was not possible to obtain all articles of modern furniture in our location, at other than exhorbitant prices; consequently we indulged in the home-made articles of furniture quite extensively. I remember with a vivid recollection that upon returning from our wedding trip from Indiana and beginning our housekeeping, the first meal I sat perched upon a soap box for a chair. Above me was the sunlight of Heaven shining through the cracks in the ceiling. Our neighbors

were of the broad-minded class. It did not matter to them whether we used soap boxes or the exquisite mahogany dining chairs. Let it be mentioned that the food placed on top of that home-spun table was par-excellence—golden-brown biscuits, baked pheasant, yellow sweet potatoes with rich, savory gravy, and chocolate served in the most appetizing manner by my dear little wife as her initial meal. In our new married life of companionship, need it be said, there were many more such meals that would have put the chefs of the Waldorf-Astoria into the discard.

Charming, dainty, and dearest little Montana—her cradle was a huge rocking chair, with many pillows banked in it. Tucked in fluffy, soft blankets, she would lie there drinking her milk from a bottle through a rubber arrangement, and it's here I take off my hat to that person who perfected that rubber hose attachment for a child's nurse bottle. We had began to notice that Montana, in her intelligent and cunning way, had discovered that by giving little jumps she could start the large chair to rocking, and gradually gaining momentum, until she was sailing along as on a merry-go-round. She would move and sway her little body just enough to keep the chair in motion as her fancy desired for that joy-ride. Fearing some day that an accident might happen to her, Mrs. LeMay conceived the bright idea of blocking the chair with a stick of stove wood. No sooner thought of than done—it was a characteristic of the western people to act quickly—you get the bear or "Injun" before they get you. We had not anticipated anything to happen to little Montana with that stick of wood as an anchor and life preserver, but behold—to our utter astonishment as we looked into the other room one day where Montana was lying in the great chair (we had but two rooms, it is remembered) she pulled off an acrobatic stunt of the spectacular

for our entertainment and consideration. By some backward movement she had dislodged that pet chunk of stove wood from under the chair, and bounding forward, she turned a complete double summersault, alighting on a bunch of soft coyote rugs that were on the floor, with a smile of expectancy on her countenance as anticipating a tremendous applause from the grandstand for the thrilling play she had staged to an audience of two—father and mother.

A few more happy months had quickly passed and dear Montana was now near the age of eighteen months old, or rather eighteen months young, and had began to talk. "What's that?" were her first spoken words—a musical voice of sweetness and charm in the pronouncing of her words. She was possessed of a ravenous appetite and her strong constitution permitted the eating of any, and almost everything. Particularly was she fond of those delicious pies her dear mother so frequently made, more especially of the top frostings of sweetness, and the fillings of those splendid pies. Notwithstanding the fact that she ate plenty of pie and other foods during the day, she cultivated a pet habit of waking us up in the night at about two or three o'clock—at that rosy hour of dreamland—and saying, "I want pie—give me pie." Her dear mama would reply, "No, no; sweet little Montana must not eat pie at night; go to sleep, little precious, and you can have pie tomorrow." But dear little Montana would come right back, "Pie; I want pie. I'll go to sleep if you'll give me pie." And the dear little mother gave pie to this dear baby girl at her youthful age in the mid-hours of cold nights, and all the years of her life continued making those delicious pies for her darling, Montana, all of her life on this beautiful earth.

Many days and months quickly passed by and in another month brought to us a glorious day—the

twelfth of March—her third birthday. Three big years old today was our darling, Montana. On that bright sunny morning her mother dressed her in a pretty dress of real pale blue with tiny lace woven into a dainty collar with a little gold ribbon encircling her fair little neck and throat. She looked charming beyond expression of words. This day was to be devoted exclusively to Montana and her own ideas of entertainment and happiness. Her many dolls were equally as artistically dressed and decorated with bright ribbons of many attractive colors. Her guests began to arrive at an early hour, as we began to take into the room provided for her party, doll after doll, presenting them to her just as if they had in reality been a caller. Half of the large room had been given over to her for her party. On the floor were many beautiful rugs of the wild animals of that region—bear, bobcat, coyote, and many skins of deer, elk and antelope. A pretty little play table with a beautiful little Irish linen tablecloth, dainty colored and white dishes, pitchers of cream, chocolate and water, were at her disposal. She immediately began indiscriminately re-arranging the setting of that little table to her own dear fancies and liking, upsetting little pitchers of water or milk, mixing them together with the art of a connoisseur. This occupied her time for many hours. Sitting and leaning her dolls at the table, they tumbling over in all sorts of positions, gave to her childish fancy and delight such happiness as only can come in those rock-a-bye days of babyhood. She was pleasantly entertained in the afternoon by a shopping expedition; not after the fashion of today's metropolitan shopping style with a chauffeur and limousine at their command from department store to department store, plunging madly into the stores, bumping, jostling, edging through that mass of surging humanity to this counter and that counter,

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but our shopping trip was of a less strenuous nature. We took for our department store, or stores, those mammoth mail order catalogs, which are so extensively used in the West and South and remote settlements, which so accurately illustrate and describe all known articles of merchandise in such a vivid manner as to make them appear realistic. Little Miss Montana had on her table for her evening dinner party—dishes filled with pretty and delicious golden-brown tarts with pretty raspberry, grape, and apple jellies on top, and in between the crusts, the tiniest and best little pies ever that her dear mama had made for her, some with top crusts, others with little strips and zig-zags running every way; animal cakes of her friends, the dogs and the cats, pigs, goats and sheep, of which she was ever and always so fond, and all of her dear life was so ever kind and true to. I can in my fancy now see her dearest little chubby white hands reaching out to caress them when they would be near. After she had grown somewhat weary of her dinner and had eaten to her heart's content of those tarts and little pies, we opened the pages of one of America's largest mail order catalogs for her perusal, turning page after page, showing her the beautiful colored pictures of what she would mostly admire—dolls, teddy bears, baby buggies, etc. She readily decided that more dolls were needed and a teddy bear. Slowly, slowly turning the pages through that large catalog, we came to the doll carriages, of which she picked one, then to the larger ones for her own dear self. She would pat her pretty little hand right down on one of the pictures repeatedly, which to my imagination and interpretation was the one that she fancied the most and desired—and accordingly, in the course of a few weeks, we had come into possession of it. The consignment also brought many little toys that

we had selected for her in memory of that happy birthday.

The excitement of the day put little Miss Montana to her little snow-white bed in early dreamland, her dear little mother ever watching her gently, as the shadows of night began to fall on the eve of a beautiful day, forever and forever to be remembered by father and mother.

Backward, turn backward, O time, in thy flight;
Could we but live over those happy times just for tonight—
Sit and look at her as she so sweetly lies in her bed,
Smooth and caress the ringlets on her dear curly head,
Pick up all the scattered toys she left on the floor after play,
Fold up all the doll dresses, shoes and stockings—put them away;
Live once more in our lives as we did on her third birthday.

Our dear Montana now had a big baby brother to play with in addition to her many dolls, books and games. Montana's baby brother was named Roger Dean—Roger, after that great oil king and railroad magnate, Mr. H. H. Rogers; Dean, the other fellow, who successfully kept the other fellows from stealing Rogers' railroads and oil interests. Roger was a fine large baby and little Miss Montana evidently admired him very much by the way she hung around that same big rocking chair, minus the stick of stove wood. The father, being somewhat of an inventive nature, had fastened an air brake attachment to one of the rockers to hold it rigid when so desired. Ours was the happy family—two dear babies—Norvella Montana and Roger Dean. It has always been a mystery to me from whence they derived their wondrous beauty, but upon deep reflection, it is conceded from my wife's side of the family tree.

Along about this time the father was tendered a lucrative position at Wheeling, West Virginia, with a transportation company, that was after due consideration accepted, and within a month's time

found us ready to bid our pioneer day friends a fond adieu, distributing to them our home-made articles of household furniture that had so faithfully served our purpose thus far of our happy days of married life, shipping and checking only a few personal articles of more value, carried from sentimental memories. Through special courtesy of that grand gentleman, Mr. W. H. Lowe, general baggage agent of the Northern Pacific railway, who has now gone to the great beyond, I was given over the use of a special baggage car to transport my vast collection of mounted animal heads—elk, deer, antelope, bob-cat, and Rocky Mountain sheep, and I still had left plenty of them living and roaming the valleys and mountains in Uncle Sam's big Yellowstone Park. In testimony of the esteem our presence had been recognized by the inhabitants, our farewell article from those dear friends appears below, bearing three signatures. The balance of the natives, having lost the art of penmanship, gave silent tribute to our departing by subscribing their mark ———— along the dotted lines, which to us holds a dearer part in their memory than the eulogy of beautiful spoken words.

Cinnabar, Montana, December 2, 1898.

To Mr. and Mrs. LeMay:

It is with deep regret that we witness the parting of our dear old friends today—Mr. and Mrs. LeMay—and we earnestly hope to bring forth retrospective pictures commemorating the pleasant occasions passed with them while in our town, Cinnabar. May God bless you through this broad world of ours and ever make it pleasant, that you may enjoy peacefulness and happiness therein.

Good-bye.

Ever yours,

Aug. Schmidt	Robert McCune	Albert V. Hoppe	
_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____

Our trip from Cinnabar to Indianapolis, Indiana, was without incident, excepting the rare compliments bestowed upon Montana with her golden curly head, and baby Roger by our fellow passengers in that luxurious Pullman car (which, by the way, was the only thing that I had to put up real coin for on the journey). Stopping at St. Paul, Minnesota, between trains, I availed myself of that golden opportunity of saying good-bye and farewell to my dear and kind friends, Mr. A. M. Clelland, then chief clerk in the passenger department of the Northern Pacific railway, now passenger traffic manager; to dear Mr. W. H. Lowe, general baggage agent, and to Mr. Chas. S. Fee, general passenger agent, also both of the Northern Pacific, Mr. Lowe and Mr. Fee both having passed away from the land of the living. May God repose their spirit souls in rest and happiness for their personal traits of character and generosity while on this earth of sorrows and happiness. Enroute, we stopped off at the old home town of our childhood and birth, at Charlottesville, Indiana, a quiet, sleepy little village of modest homes, cottages of home-like architecture, situated on a little hill above the banks of Six-mile, with the old swimming hole, steam railway line through the burg with trains that rarely ever stop in their great speed between those majestic cities of St. Louis and Washington, D. C., where Calvin Coolidge has made it possible as well as impossible, interurban lines that cater to the town and which receive the patronage, three churches whose towering steeples shining under that bright December sun, welcomed us back to the place of our birth, our parents, our relatives and friends. We found well, happy and generally prosperous, my wife's family, Mr. W. R. Walker and Mrs. Anna Walker, father and mother; Sisters Caressa, Glenn, Dell, and Mabel, and Brother Thomas, who is generally called Tom by the

girls of his wide acquaintance; my father and mother, Mr. A. F. LeMay and Lizzie LeMay, Sisters Flora and Mattie, Brother Morrie, and multitudes of other relatives. My dear wife, Ellis, and I, were far remote from the center of attraction, which was centered around those two children, Montana and Roger. Naturally, of course, why should not the beautiful little golden curly-headed Miss Montana come in for the largest share of attraction, as she most certainly did, and to my way of thinking, rightfully deserved. Montana was a natural little entertainer and her companionship was much sought after by the younger class as well as those dear older people. It was forever my delight and my happiness and pleasure to take Montana with me any place that I could, for the smiles she received, the pretty words people spoke of her in her wonderful beauty and pleasing ways and personality was gratifying in the extreme to me.

Completing a delightful visit of a week with our parents, friends and relatives, we arrived in the metropolis of Wheeling, West Virginia, a substantial little city of manufacturing. Articles of glass, pottery, iron and steel, boots and shoes and many others were made. There were beautiful parks and playgrounds and congenial and hospitable people. We were soon comfortably at home in a nice apartment with some city frills thrown in as extras, but as much as I would try, I could not dispense with that lonely feeling for the old rocking chair with that huge chunk of wood in those rock-a-bye baby days of dear Montana, who was now four years old, and had for her playmate little Miss Mildred Pratt, of about the same age. Mildred had dark hair and eyes, while Montana, with her light golden hair falling in curls over her beautiful face, from which shown her beautiful eyes of blue, formed a pleasing contrast. They attended Sunday School together in the second block, same side of the street, walk-

ing along hand in hand together—a living picture of purity and loveliness. Montana's collection of story books accumulated rapidly and I was pressed into service reading to her at noons and evenings from those story books, illustrated with pretty bright pictures here and there pertaining to the subjects of the stories, some of which were quite lengthy. She had a wonderfully cute little habit of getting several books and waiting for me with them opened to the pictures that she wanted to hear the story of, and actually after a very few readings of a story she completely committed that story to read it herself from the picture by memory, several stories from many books. I have to a somewhat minor extent observed this in other children, but never have I seen a child that could memorize such a number of stories and so accurately read them from only a picture as an inspiration as she did. Long, long gone by are those days of her rock-a-bye baby days which will live in our memory forever and forever.

CHAPTER II

RINGLETS OF GOLD

THOSE fast fleeting days of little Montana with her ringlets of gold were passing by. Her sweet, sunny disposition was ever more enhanced by the beautiful clusters of natural golden curls that reached to her shoulders; her fair, winsome face was more and more radiantly beautiful as the days and months went by; she was the emblem of loveliness and sincere in her devotion and kindness to her playmates and friends, always generously dividing with them all of her toys, candy and books, and happy in their delight at receiving them, always cheerful, happy and gay. The only sadness interwoven into her young life was when it appeared to her that others may have been unkind or mistreated her dearest of all animal friends, the dogs and the cats, of which she was always so passionately fond. Those dear dumb creatures had in her the truest and best friend, and immediately in their natural instinct, they recognized it, and would come to her side or lie at her feet, with words of love expressed through their kind eyes for this dearest girl with the ringlets of gold.

Montana, with her mama, was out shopping one pretty sunny day, stopping in at my office. Upon a pretty little invitation from Montana, I accompanied them, walking slowly to our home, some six blocks distant, Montana showing us all of those pretty things in the large display windows. Presently we came to one large store, and those windows, so extremely grand, so beautiful, and her delight; many, so many dolls, great large dolls with real, natural hair and eyebrows, and so real that they could almost talk. Of course, Montana, having an eye for the beautiful, picked out a doll with

handsome, lovely light brown hair, pretty eyes, and dressed stylish and beautiful, very near twenty-four inches high, and as large as dear Montana herself—so large that her papa had to carry it home in a pretty paper box wrapped in nice paper. Her mama made aprons for this new doll and dresses for morning and evening wear, prettily working a patch-pocket of other pretty material of gaudy brightness on one dress. Montana daintily tucked one of her pretty little bordered handkerchiefs into the pocket with a tiny bit of the border peeping out, and took her bottle of perfume and generously applied it to their clothing, which added to the charm of her happiness. Sometimes getting the bottle of smelling salts to relieve their headaches gave to her a variety of childish entertainment and amusement. Little Miss Montana was up bright and early the next morning and was studying patiently trying to find some nice name for that dear new doll. She had Louise, who was only just a trifle smaller, also quite a family of other smaller dolls of various sizes and colors of hair. Montana was waiting for me when I came to lunch to tell me of the name she had decided on—Eva Lyle—for the new doll. "What a pretty name, and I am sure you will like it," she entertainingly chattered, holding her up with both hands for my inspection and approval of the name. Eva Lyle's next largest sister doll was named Louise.

Today, tomorrow, and forever, those two large dolls, Louise and Eva Lyle, may be found carefully placed away in a pretty little cedar chest, dressed with undergarments and beautiful dresses that Montana's dear mother made for them in the days of the ringlets of gold. Frequently this dear mother may be seen at this little cedar chest with a far-away look on her dear face, with an aching heart, while a tear bedims her eye, holding one of those dolls in fond and loving memories of the days

of her only and dearest daughter, Montana, with the ringlets of gold.

Montana gave her dolls many parties, the larger dolls bringing the smaller ones as their children. The door bell ringing, Montana would receive them with an affectionate welcome and politeness, removing their wraps and hanging them in the reception hall, talking to them in an entertaining and pleasant manner that made them feel a welcome of hospitality, and all present soon entered into the spirit of the party, playing games, having school, and whatever manner of entertainment they desired.

Montana, with her mother, was a regular attendant at the matinees, she being passionately fond of the shows and plays. Particularly was she ever glad to see that old play, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and was much in love with little Eva. Montana was always rehearsing the plays over with her dolls as actors and actresses, she of course always playing the character part of little Eva when playing over the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" play. Her acting was splendid and appeared to come natural for her, as in later years it developed, in the art of her effectiveness and eloquence of speaking, and her masterful conception of elocution and dramatic art.

Her wonderful arrangements and pretty settings of those play stages showed marked ability beyond her years of age. In her captivating manner, Montana, with her dolls, wound enthrall one into a fairyland of romance and happiness and perfectly qualified her for the emotional drama. Those dear little eyes looking up into mine, whose tears could be easily dried, and with the prints of ruby fingers pressed against the window panes; she carried onward and onward, your very inward soul in ecstasy of heavenly delight, sentimental sadness in rapturous eloquence of those childish plays in the days of her ringlets of gold. Into the daylight of the morning she awoke, refreshed in her childish

glee with contentment of smiles and happiness, surrounded by her books and dolls, her pleasures of life. Studious, industrious and amiable, she whiled away those happy hours and days in mirthfulness and glee, giving to her dear mother no worry or care, as does the average small child.

In those days of her childhood, the residential section of the city was visited by vendors of ice cream in the form of a miniature ice cream cone called hoky pokies, selling at one cent each. Immaculately and spotlessly clean in white apron was that dear old Arab from the Sahara desert with little cart and jingle bell, shouting in broken English, "Hoky Poky ice cream, one penny." Of course Montana and Brother Roger had that fellow's measure and picture and the exact time he was due to arrive each day. Standing by that large open window, through which the ozone and the zephyrs from the Ohio River wafted, they anxiously waited his arrival. Closer, closer the sound of the jingle-bells brought them nearer to their anticipated feast of more ice cream encased in a golden crust of horn or funnel shape. That very same old vendor, also with an eye for "the bizness," never failed to pay an admiring glance in the direction of that window, and stop. One afternoon on his rounds, Montana bought her hoky poky, Roger standing there showing a somewhat depressed feeling. Montana asked Roger, "Why don't you buy yours?" Roger replied, "I—I—swallowed my penny." The combined efforts of Montana and Roger were unable to enlighten that dusky gentleman as to the strange disappearance of that penny that the boy always had been in the habit of coming across with, but thanks to the good business judgment of those vendors, his conscience prompted his leaving one for Roger, as in anticipation of future trade from the boy. It was really amusing the way Montana would caution Roger not

to again swallow his penny on subsequent days. "You know, Roger, that hoky poky man will surely think we are playing jokes on him if you swallow the pennies and, etc.," were the trend of her warnings.

However, cold, blustery winter days brought snow and ice, and the hoky poky man disappeared. On cold, wintry nights, dear little Montana would climb into our bed, chubby and dainty, walking along on the carpet with her little feet catching in her long nightgown of warm flannel with a little tiny pocket for her "hanky." She would come and nestle up real close and say, "Hold my tiny, cold hands and my feet." And we would hold those dearest of all little hands and feet—such a delicate little person and so sensitive to the cold—she would soon be fast asleep. On her bed was so much bedding of real fluffy blankets it was difficult for her to move, yet she seemed to get cold. The old saying, "cold hands, a warm heart," appears to be more than true in her case.

Mildred and her large sister came after Montana to spend a couple of hours at their pretty little home with large, spacious yard, pretty ornamental shrubbery, flowers and trees, swings and toys of many kinds to play with. Mildred's father was a baker, with his shop right by their house, and Montana came home with pretty cakes that Mr. Pratt had made for her with her name in sweet frostings. She did not have a very hearty appetite for dinner because of eating so many of those little cakes while at Mildred's. Asking her dolls if they had been lonesome for her concluded another day's end of the many of her happy days.

One pleasant day, into the sunlight of Heaven we wandered into the wildwood; along the shady brook, whose rippling and sparkling waters slowly wended onward into the majestic Ohio—dearest Montana, Roger, Mildred, Mollie and Edna, with

her mama and her papa—away out into the country far beyond pretty Elm Grove, with a large basket filled with everything good, all her papa could carry, a short distance from where we left the street car. Such a glorious day—rope swings tied with the assistance of her mother to those long hanging branches of trees, bent pins tied onto little strings with little parcels of chicken meat and tiny crumbs of cake for bait. Those dear children had a splendid fishing excursion, and when early noon-day arrived, my, such splendid appetites in that cool, invigorating air. Montana exclaimed in her delight between bites of that good cake and those splendid pies, "Why, I never had so much to eat in my whole life." Mildred said, "Montana, if my papa was only here and had his bakery, wouldn't it be fine?" We ate a long time from that wondrous basket of goodies and after a while we all went up to a little hill, where there were many squirrels that would chase and climb just beyond the reach of those dear children and turn their little heads in saucy daring as if to say, "Catch me if you can."

Pretty, old Grandfather Toad and his children, with their families, were out hopping around that lovely day, dressed in their new coats of brown and green, and their presence added much to the pleasures of those youngsters at their picnic. A small, wee bunny rabbit peeked his little nose out from the hedge and opened wide his large eyes at those dear children, and banteringly said, "You never can catch me," and away he ran to another little clump of bushes and gazed fondly at those pretty children, who were so dear to him, as they admired the little bunny equally as well. Right close by the little bunny, in that very same bunch of bushes, little Miss Montana said, "Oh, oh, come quick and see little bunny's nest and little blue eggs." "But bunnies don't have nests in trees," declared Mil-

dred, "those are eggs of a chicken, like my grandma has out at Irvington Lane. "Tweet," came a little voice as the dear little mother bluebird flew from the branches of a tree to the nest, "you city children are real pretty and gay, but you are not up-to-date on birds' nests."

Such giggling and fun as they did have. In the early evening we all went to our homes, with longing wishes for just another such happy picnic. Shortly there came to our little city, under the auspices of the Elks, a street carnival of fun and frolic. Two side streets were given over to the disposal of this amusing attraction. Booths of the city's business firms were gaily decorated with bright ribbons, waving banners, tinsel and gold ropes, all of which was fascinating and charming to behold. Side shows of various kinds, the tattooed man from India, the wild man from Borneo, picture galleries, the merry-go-round, the streets of Cairo—all of this entertainment had a genuine thrill for the younger class, as well as for the older. From actual observance there was equally as many elderly people on the carnival streets as there were young people. I was there myself, whenever my business permitted, "with bells on." This carnival attraction appealed strongly to little Miss Montana; the side shows were her specialty. She admired little Eva and Topsy in their dancing skit, with short skirts and red stockings. To see Sambo eat fire, and many other daring things, were thrilling stunts to her imagination and happiness. Many of the things were fakes, pure and simple. I remember one day standing close to the show tent of the wild man from Borneo, in conversation with a gentleman acquaintance, I noticed the colored janitor from my office. I remarked, "Go in the show," tossing him a complimentary ticket, Henry thanking me and disappearing behind the canvas. It was not long until there was an unusual commo-

tion occurring within that canvas. Henry, the janitor, had found his big six-foot-seven, overgrown boy as the attraction, playing wild man from Borneo, sitting down in a kind of a pit, with huge brass ear rings clamped onto his ears, enough paint on his dusky face to add color to the scene, and rolling his large saucer-eyes, with the whites predominating. Exit Henry with that overgrown nigger kid by the ear—"You git right to home, Rastus Brown, to your mammy that's been looking fer youse two days." Henry, the janitor, and the kid had the best show on the ground, and free at that.

Far, far down the winding streets, ablaze with their many colored lights, gaudy and brilliant tinsels of silver and gold shining in its brilliancy, far down beyond the streets of Cairo, where the Arab's village was with those high and tall camels with the large humps on their backs, forming a complete saddle that you can sit in so awkwardly and live the days of the pilgrims of the desert in your fancies, with their teetering, swinging walk, that will kneel down for you to mount upon their backs for a ride, were to be found the daintiest and the sleekest little ponies and carts. Away down those streets that dear Montana with the ringlets of gold loved so well was the little shaggy ponies that were hitched to pretty little phaetons, that Montana would sit and ride in and drive those dear ponies around the ring track that they traveled slowly in a walk—in their lazy fashion. Those carnival days were thrilling days for her, long to be remembered, and she indeed had a good time, and gathered much food for thought for more doll shows and plays, that were still extensively employed by her, in the days of the ringlets of gold.

Montana's school days, those glorious school days of her young life, were now at hand, and she, with little Mildred, her friend, had started to school

together in the same class of kindergarten school, into the mysteries of making from that soft clay all sorts of things, moulding into various forms and shapes, pleasing to their young imaginative minds, and without any criticism from the teachers perhaps of consequence; drawing and diversified other manners of occupation employing their minds and early training as a preliminary for their future work of schooling. Dear Montana, being of an unusually studious nature, progressed in the art of mud-pie making rapidly and had rapid successive advancements in her classes, and at the wee age of six years came into possession of her first report card, a copy of which is submitted below, which shows that on her first report card she was promoted into the next grade.

WHEELING, WEST VIRGINIA, PUBLIC SCHOOLS
Second Class

This certifies that Norvella Montana LeMay, of first year, grade three, has been found worthy of promotion to first year, grade two, Washington School.

Grade—Scholarship Graded on a Scale of 100

Spelling	85	Geography ...	....	Deportment	100
Reading	90	Arithmetic ...	90		
Writing	85	Language	....		
Drawing	85	History	....		

Kate B. Roberts, Teacher.
W. H. Anderson, Supt.

June 27, 1901.

Devoted to her teacher, her friends and playthings, she continued in her schools, always punctual, happy and gay. She lived the life of the purity of an angel, ever becoming more and more lovely, with her ringlets of gold, as the years went by.

Like sweet music pealing
Far o'er the blue sea,
Oft comes over me stealing
Fond memories of thee.

CHAPTER III

LITTLE MISS MONTANA

A LIFE full of sunshine was dainty little Miss Montana with her smiling, cheerful face, who was again living in the state of her birth away out in old Montana, far away from the Southland and her dear little friend, Mildred, down in Wheeling, West Virginia. Her places of abode were numerous—Butte, Helena, Anaconda and Boulder. Dear little Miss Montana loved every one of those small western cities. They each held some special attraction, but I surmise many heart throbs had she for those dear friends and things at Helena and Boulder, at which places she resided the longest. Not quite seven years of age, she was a scholarly pupil at the schools in the cities mentioned, and the idol of her teachers and playmates.

At Anaconda she enjoyed watching those small tram-cars winding up around the mountains with their heavy loads of ore for the smelters, whose tall chimneys rose several hundred feet above her. At Butte the gold, silver, lead and copper mines, far down into the earth, with shafts and tunnels to reach them by hoisting cages as an elevator, with genuine city ways and advantages, gave her many pleasures in her young years of life. Boulder, beautiful Boulder, though not shown on the map so large, was picturesque—large boulders, from whence it derived its name, as large as city buildings, craigy and majestically rising to wondrous heights; pretty valleys and dells; the mountain sides one gorgeous mass of living Christmas trees, lovely, beautiful evergreen trees, as you buy in the days of Santa Claus, paying from one dollar to many more for, at the stores. Nature had indeed lavished her charms of grandeur on this enchanted

place. The Boulder Hot Springs, close by, furnished hot boiling waters of medicinal qualities; Mammoth Hotel and Cottages catered extensively to the week-end guests from Montana cities and elsewhere; state, public, and high schools afforded splendid educational facilities, and 'twas there that dear little Montana's brilliancy of mind rapidly developed, under the instructions of that winsome little teacher, Miss Sadie Maguire. Our residence was perhaps a long mile from the school buildings, and remote from the little town.

Little Miss Montana, with Brother Roger, walked down a curving, winding road to school. We were at an elevation of 1,000 feet above Boulder in that distance of one mile, on the side of the pretty mountains. My, my, how the little feet of Miss Montana and Roger fairly coasted them down that mountain trail, the entire distance being visible to the dear mother who watched those precious children from the porch and the windows. Nevertheless, there was a certain amount of danger for those little children alone, as there were many wild animals. Wild cat, bear and those sneaking, treacherous coyotes were plentiful, but nothing ever harmed them. Shortly there came into Montana's life one of her dearest friends, strayed or lost from somewhere, a large black Shepherd dog, with large winsome brown eyes, all clean and shining in his glossy silken black hair. This faithful and intelligent dog came to Montana's side among many other school children one evening after school, wishfully and lovingly coming home with her in a stately and grand manner, walking close by her, and on the following morning going with Montana and Roger to school, returning again with them in the evening, dispelling many of our fears of anxiety for them, as we were certain nothing would harm them with that wonderful dog as their protection. Montana had made a pretty place in the cloak room

for her dear friend to remain in during her school hours, but occasionally when the door would be left open a few minutes, that dog would come quietly and gently into the school room, walk up and down the aisles of little desks and seats, looking into the faces of the pupils until he would come to the seat occupied by the little golden-haired girl with those beautiful curls that he loved so well. My gratitude and thanks forever to Miss Sadie Maguire, teacher, for her comprehension of the situation. She immediately recognized that dog was the protection to those two dear children and permitted Rover, as Montana named him, to lie at the desk in which she sat during the hours of school.

It was wonderful, those first days of Rover's attendance in the school room. When Montana's class was called to recite and she left her seat, of course Mr. Rover went with her, to the great amusement of the children, Montana returning with him to her seat, kindly talking to him to lie down nicely. She soon had him trained to remain at the seat during those recitations, but always would he rise and stand at her seat with loving eyes fixed on her during those recitals, just as a sentry on duty, lying down again upon her return to the seat. When walking to or from school there were many cattle, and invariably Rover would bring himself between the children and those cattle. That dearest of all the dumb family should have a monument at his resting place for the devotion he manifested toward dear Montana and Roger. The faithfulness and kindness to her by Rover may have been to some extent the foundation for her great love toward the dogs and the cats which she so dearly loved all her life.

I recall Montana's charming little friends at Boulder in those long gone by years—Emma Hammer, Ruth Bowers, Robin and Verine Tindall, Lulu Hahn and Winnie Bartholomew. There were pretty

play houses in the natural crevasses in the huge boulders, the ground was a carpet of wild flowers of dainty colors, pretty birds up in the mountains, birds' nests everywhere; grouse and prairie chickens, which she tried several times to raise—all of these pleasures formed the happy, happy days of little Miss Montana some three years and a half, when we moved to Helena, Montana.

Dear, dear Helena, an ideal little city, capital of the great treasure state, Montana, a pretty city of homes and of wealth with beautiful Broadwater Hotel and parks; boiling hot springs also nestled in beneath Mt. Helena with dark caves and mysterious surroundings. Good movies and show houses were fascinating to dear Montana, and much enjoyed. She rapidly gained a number of dear little girl friends and then there were little parties, first at one girl's house and then at another's. I remember one unpleasant occasion at a party at our house, with perhaps a dozen girls and half that number of boys of the best families of the city. The occurrence happened in playing that great game of hiding the thimble and of course there had previously been taffy-pulling and the making of fudge, etc. One little bright-eyed boy had sticky fingers. Oh, that pretty, dainty little all white dresser of dear Montana's, with so many cute little drawers, was the very hiding place, and no one would ever look for the thimble in there. When he opened the drawer there laid her little beaded shopping bag, all fat and bulging out with its precious contents, and inside of that pretty bag with a silver chain handle that enabled her to swing it just as the large girls did when up town shopping, was a little tiny pocketbook. I'll say it was red, or blue, for those were dearest Montana's favorite colors. It was full of pennies, nickels, and now and then a bright dime. It was her Christmas saving fund. When that boy with the sticky hands

from eating taffy laid that little thimble right by the side of the bag, what do you suppose happened? Well, that little bag and the contents in some mysterious way stuck to his fingers, and in some strange way also just dropped down into his pocket. The very next day Montana's dear mama had some more nickels for Montana and she went to put them away and behold—she discovered her loss. Now she used her great talent, and with the strategy of a general she told her dear friends, Ada, Helen and Ruth. Now those four girls had a wonderful secret among them, and what those four girls could not fathom out it would be needless to hand over to the Pinkertons. Ruth noticed one of the boys that attended the party eating candy the next day. Ada said that boy had never eaten candy at school before. Montana and Helen said he must have—well they figured that he was the boy with all those pennies, nickels and dimes. Then they planned a cunning trap for that little fellow who we will just call Jimmie. Ruth had a pleasant habit of changing her voice and she telephoned to Jimmie's home to his mother on that very night. Talking just as a dear old grandmother would, she asked if her little boy Jimmie was home and to please call him to her side at the telephone, as she wished her to ask him a question: "Where did Jimmie get the money to buy the candy which he was eating at school today?" It worked fine. The pocketbook was returned minus a few nickels, but those girls never had the boy with the sticky fingers to any more of their parties.

Living right by our house was little Miss Florence Cowan, a winsome dark-haired little miss some two years younger than dear Montana, who was an excellent companion and well versed in the art of dressing and undressing dolls. Of course she was too young and inexperienced to attempt dressing Eva Lyle and Louise. Montana readily discovered

that Florence possessed unusual ability as an actress, as did also Miss Helen Helmer. Accordingly, with other talent—Ada, Ruth, Roger, and Arthur and Rayner Sampson—preparation for staging one of the greatest shows began in earnest, with Montana as director of casts, stage settings, etc. Now it happened that our close neighbor and friend, Mr. Cowan, had a large vacant store room on the rear of his lot facing a back street and it was kindly offered for the opera house. Rehearsals were being held daily and everything was progressing fine. As I was approached by the management, little Miss Montana, as to what price of admission to ask, I was granted that very rare privilege of being a spectator at a subsequent rehearsal, that I might intelligently arrive at the admission price. My conclusions were that the children could attend a show up town with movies and vaudeville combined for five cents and that to insure a full house we had better charge an admission of one cent, which after due consideration was accepted and agreed upon. Painted and penciled posters were made and passed around by those children and the night of their show arrived. They had a capacity house, finally hanging out the sign, "Standing Room Only." Many favorable comments were made as the audience departed for their various homes. There were no mishaps or pick-pockets. Upon special request the show was given again with another packed house.

Such were the happy days of little Miss Montana with her dolls, friends, and playmates of her early life in the little city of Helena which forever occupied a pleasant memory in her mind. Each year in that splendid month of September the state fair of Montana was held. Out at the edge of the little city was the fair grounds, where permanent, substantial buildings housed many splendid exhibits of fruits, vegetables, and other entries. Never have I

had the pleasure of seeing anything better at other fairs. Amusements and attractions of all kinds furnished thrills and enjoyment for dear little Miss Montana. There were pyramids and banks of golden and yellow apples for which that state is famous, and tables and aisles were filled with pretty red apples. One afternoon, with dainty little Miss Montana, Roger, mama, and some friends passing through the apple orchard, we saw a sign, "Please Don't Handle." For the fun and amusement of Montana I reversed the sign, writing on the card, "Please Take One," and we withdrew to one side, innocently watching the throngs of people reading the sign and helping themselves to a nice large apple, until it was discovered by one of the fair attendants. We had at least given away a few hundred of those delicious apples as samples. A new creamery company offered a prize of great value for a name for their butter, and dear little Miss Montana took one of their cards to enter a name in the contest, and was to submit her choice of what she considered a suitable name for the butter. With her many samples of all known merchandise that she had gathered up in her rounds at the fair, she went home, and the following day dear Montana selected the name of Golden Glow for the butter and laid her card away, but in some unaccountable way it was never turned in to the creamery company, which in a few days published the winning name in the newspapers, and behold, it was the very name that Montana had written down. She would at least have received half of the prize had she only turned in her card.

Blue Bell was the name of her dearest little blue Maltese cat, and she had a little soft brush hid away in the back hall to brush and comb her pretty blue fur with. Dainty blue ribbon, so near the color of Blue Bell that it could hardly be seen, was tied in a little bow around her neck. Montana loved

Blue Bell dearly and they would sit out on the green, velvety lawn and play and romp together in the halcyon days of her golden life.

Could we kiss the ruby fingers of our darling child again
With her life full of sunshine as it was then,
See those smiles of affection as a sunbeam 'neath her picture hat,
Romping, playing in the yard, with her little Blue Bell cat.

Roger's tiny little dog, Hubby, that was named after a man in Anaconda, was loved and idolized by dearest Montana. It frequently happened that Hubby would be missing for several days at a time and all of a sudden would come bouncing home with his pretty white feet patting against the screen door to be let into the house, with perhaps a pretty ribbon tied around his neck, showing that he had been with other children and had watched his chance to escape and come to his own home. Another very dear little friend Montana had at Helena was little Miss Stella Bamberry, and they whiled away many pleasant hours and days together. Stella was also very much up-to-date in the making of doll dresses for her own and Montana's dolls. These were sad and joyful days combined together. Montana didn't just know she was saying good-bye to that legion of little friends in Helena, as she was going to move back to her old home again at Boulder, on the side of that beautiful, picturesque mountain, back to her host of friends and memories of those dear days of her young life—of her and Rover's school days.

Now it was only a short distance of thirty-five miles to Boulder, but those large engines they used in the mountains to haul passenger trains would puff and puff in going up the mountain sides, and it took them two long hours to make the grade to Boulder. With little dog Hubby sitting in the seat with Montana and Roger, little Blue Bell was coming in a special box car of furniture with soft lining

in a box, plenty of chicken meat, gravy, and milk. Montana did wish that car would hurry and come, which it did that very next morning. It was switched to the unloading platform, right close behind the depot. Little Miss Montana could not wait—no, no—she could not wait for her papa to open that car door, but she and Roger opened the large side door and went to that little box where Blue Bell was and opened the box to take her out. She gave one big spring and jump and away she went out through that open car door, down the mountain side, until lost from view. Never again did Montana see or hear from her. Blue Bell was always a nervous, "scarry" fraidy-cat. Such sorrow, such unhappiness for dearest Montana had been thrust into her little life of sunshine. Besides the sorrow of the loss of her cat, in her kindness and gentle loving nature she had that awful fear, that dreadful fear, that some wild animal might devour little Blue Bell. She and Roger, with little Hubby, roamed the mountains and the hillsides, looking down into deep, shadowy places, down into those hollow rocks and gorges, but the earth seemed to have completely and forever swallowed little Blue Bell.

One of the girls, seeing Montana's disappointment, gave her another little kitten, which perhaps to some extent healed her broken heart and filled the place of Blue Bell. She named her new kitten Fluffy Ruffles and she was a playful, winsome cat and they had many good times together thereafter.

In her residence at Helena, three more years had been added to dear Montana's young life and she was now thirteen years of age upon returning to her old home at Boulder. My, my, the changes in those little friends of the by-gone days. "Don't you know," she would say, "some of those girls, well, they have a few freckles," of which dearest Montana's white, chubby face never had any, and

some of those girls had grown chubby, short and fat; some of them were tall and stringy. But she said, after a week's time, that they had begun to look as natural as could be to her.

School days again—how fast they seemed to roll around in those days of play and fun—back to the same pretty school house at Boulder; but she missed the company of her faithful dog, Rover, to and from the school house. She was in a higher grade now and her teacher was Mr. T. M. Sheehan, a gentleman and a scholar, and much loved and admired by all. He taught several terms of school at Boulder, was a splendid teacher, and took an unusual interest in Montana and her school work, giving Montana a knowledge in her many studies that would perhaps have taken several more years to acquire from other teachers. Continued days of school, intermingled with happiness and pleasures of life, were the days of this dear girl of the golden west in her scholastical way.

Those bright wintry days quickly passed into the month of June, of roses, wild flowers, birds' nests and out-door play days again for Montana, Roger, Fluffy Ruffles and little Hubby—all out on the side of the mountains every day. Sometimes their friends from town came up to play with them and they whiled away the happy days of their childhood.

There was much intense lightning and thunder showers in the summer months, and Montana, her mother and little Hubby were deathly afraid of the lightning. At the first peal of thunder that little dog, Hubby, would go running to Montana and then to the clothes closet door, trembling and shaking, wanting to get back into that dark, dark room, where he couldn't see or hear anything of the outside world. Montana would open the door, closing it to within about an inch, and that dog stayed in there until the lightning was over. I had always

considered so much lightning in that locality was attracted by the large amount of minerals in the hills and the mountains.

Those days are never to be forgotten—little doll buggies full of dolls, Roger and Hubby and Fluffy Ruffles trailing behind to a pretty nook for their afternoon play, Hubby chasing chip-munks, pretty birds and nests of young, all gave them such pleasures as ever come to a child.

Another day of sadness—one lovely sunny morning Montana was asking Roger if he had seen little dog, Hubby. "Why, no; I have not seen him, and he was not at home to his supper last night." They scoured those same hills and dark, mysterious places again, looking 'way down into those dark, yawning holes, into caves and other remote spots where a tiny dog might be, but alas, they did not find dear little Hubby. Again the next day the hunt continued for their little dog, calling his name and shouting to get an answer from him, without avail. There was a big mine close by with a number of men working there who loved those children dearly and had so often noticed and admired them playing with their little dog. When those children told them of their loss, why don't you know, those kind-hearted men helped in the search, and with their knowledge of the many deep shafts they had into the earth, they looked through them all, and away far over to one side of their grounds they found dear little Hubby away down at the bottom of a shaft, unhurt, but not able to climb out, as he was thirty feet below the top of the earth. One kind gentleman held dear little Montana so she could look down into that dark hole in the ground and in her sweet words she called Hubby, telling him not to be afraid now, that they would soon bring him out. One of the young men got a long extension ladder and the little dog was soon placed into the loving arms of dearest Montana and gently

carried home. She gave him all the milk and other food he could eat after his two days of fasting, and after fixing his little bed softer and fluffier than ever, he slept all that day and night.

There was great rejoicing with Montana and Roger over the recovery of Hubby. It is a wonder that more animals and stock are not found in the bottoms of the many shafts that are left open and unprotected, than falls prey to their yawning depths. The Fourth of July was only a few days away. Out in those small western cities it is pleasantly celebrated with horse racing, foot races, the greased pig, dancing and fireworks in the evening. It just so happened that a large extra gang of Italian laborers were there laying steel on the railroad. Among the gang were several experts in the making of fireworks, which occupation they had followed back in sunny Italy. They made and displayed the most gorgeous fireworks I have ever beheld, on the side of that mountain, right by the depot, and it was immensely enjoyed by dear little Montana, as well as others. The celebration was without accidents and completed another glorious Fourth of July never to be forgotten by Montana.

Our dearest Montana attended Sunday School every Sunday morning. Her Sunday School teacher, Miss Elsie Halford, was a charming young lady, a particular friend of our family, and dearly loved by little Montana. It was arranged by all of the churches, far and near, to conduct a Bible class correspondence among the scholars of the various Sunday Schools. The name that came out with Montana's in the assignment of their correspondents was Mr. Harry Schreck, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, about Montana's own age, and living right close to her old home in Wheeling, West Virginia, and her dear friend, Mildred. Their letters were bright, snappy and interesting, contained many ideas of their Sunday School work and Bible read-

ings, and Montana and Harry continued their sociable correspondence many years, and subsequently, many long years afterwards they met in person, through a pretty arrangement made by Montana's father, while we were visiting in Pittsburgh.

Sadness was again thrust into the lives of dear Montana and Roger. Dear little dog, Hubby, was sick; so bad that he would not eat any of the food they would take him. His days were few, as they found him curled up in his bed, his little life gone out. There was real sorrow in their hearts. They wrapped a pretty little blanket around his tiny body and gently and tearfully buried him by one of those big boulders that he had so often played around, gathering pretty wild flowers to strew on his grave, and many, many days thereafter they placed flowers on that little grave.

It was a happy trait of dear Montana several weeks before Christmas and Easter Sunday to spend many hours each day in the making of souvenir books containing drawings and writings of her own composition, for her mother, brother, father, and numerous little friends. Those booklets were artistically and handsomely prepared and showed much originality. I still retain some of those books. One article from Montana's Easter greeting book follows:

PICCOLA

Piccola lived in France. She was a poor little girl. She had no stockings to hang up for Santa Claus, so she put her wooden shoes near the chimney. In the morning she found a dear little bird in her shoe. It had flown in at the window to get warm. Piccola fed the bird and took good care of it. She thought Santa Claus had brought it to her.

Montana LeMay.

In this locality there were large and pretty birds, called magpies, that closely resemble the jaybird, but are twice as large, that when taken young can

be taught to talk, laugh and sing better than a parrot. They will soon learn to stay around the house without being confined to a cage, but in their wild state they are mean—they catch chickens as does a hawk, only are more daring and bolder in their cunning way. One day when Montana was out in the mountains she found a nest of magpies high up in one of those large cedar trees, and the young man at the mine, the very same one that rescued little Hubby from the bottom of the shaft, climbed the tree and brought her two of the dearest little birds, which she took home and put in a pretty box and would feed them, and after a very short time they had grown so large she had them talking as natural as could be, saying many words and laughing as naturally as a person. But dear Montana again had bad luck with her pets, one dying from a broken leg and the other from diphtheria. She had named her magpies Babe and Bess, and wrote the following poem at their death:

BABE AND BESS

(Written at the Death of Bess, the Magpie)

I wandered o'er the mountain wild
All by myself one day.
The day was fine; so clear and mild,
'Twas just the time for play.

I wandered on upon the hill,
The Boulder mine to see;
The hill was steep and hard to climb,
So I rested beneath a tree.

I heard a noise just overhead,
And looking up did see
Two young magpies, who looked well fed,
Chattering away at me.

I had often longed to have a pet
Of this very kind for my own,
So I said, "I will have one yet,
This day, ere the sun goes down."

I had a friend at the mine
Who was passing by just then.
He said, "My friend, the tree I'll climb
And have them ere you count ten."

It was no sooner said than done,
For away he went like a clap.
I thought I never heard such fun
As to hear them scold 'neath his cap.

I took my treasures home that night
As happy as could be.
While they were young and could not drink
I fed them from a spoon.

Their names were Babe and Bess.
I often took them out to play
And put them on my dress
To teach them words to say.

They grew to be large, healthy birds;
Such handsome birds were they—
Until my Babe of a broken leg
Died upon a fatal day.

But Bess kept growing,
Getting stronger every day.
She did a good deal of talking—
Many things she learned to say.

Then day by day her talking ceased
And she could eat no more.
One day she died of that terrible disease,
Diphtheria, that we had not had before.

I buried my beautiful Bess
Down in the dark, cold ground,
And if I ask it, you can guess,
She was the most beautiful bird ever found.

By Norvella Montana LeMay.

Boulder, Montana, January 17, 1909.

Jefferson, Seventh Grade; Age 13 years, 10 months.
Mr. T. M. Sheehan, Teacher.

CHAPTER IV

MONTANA A YOUNG LADY

AN extensive and delightful trip had been planned for dear Montana, with mother, brother and father, that consumed over five months, to Helena, Butte and Great Falls as a preliminary starting, thence out to Portland, Tacoma, Vancouver, and again to Seattle, where some seven years prior, dearest Montana had enjoyed so wonderfully well that great Alaskan-Yukon Exposition, with the streets and grounds decorated with those weird Totem poles of the strange and interesting tribes of Igoroties, an Alaskan tribe of Indians, in their primitive mode of habitation. The large ferris wheel that went so high was the very same wheel that had given thrills to thousands at the Chicago World's Fair and had been moved to far away Seattle. On one of the great turns that tall wheel made, we were all right at the top, and apparently something was wrong. It remained stationary for fully five minutes, to the great enjoyment of Montana, affording a magnificent view of the grounds, Puget Sound, and far-away beauty spots.

We went on down into central Oregon and Nevada, riding two hundred miles on a narrow gauge railroad into that vast inland empire which still lies unclaimed by the hand of agriculture; back to old Reno, that pretty little city of fame; on to Sacramento, where they give the tourist the glad hand and your money's worth; to San Francisco and Los Angeles, being pleasantly entertained on board that large ship, Manchuria, in the harbor at San Francisco, by the captain, which was delightfully interesting to Montana; Salt Lake and out to

Salt Air Beach; to Ogden, riding and driving through beautiful gorges and mountains; on to Kansas City and St. Louis, and to our old Indiana home, where we got our breath long enough to freshen us for the last lap of our journey.

Continuing down to Wheeling, West Virginia, after those long, long years, both young ladies of seventeen now, Montana and Miss Mildred Pratt met again. My, how they did size up each other after the lapse of those many years, and such a splendid visit did they have talking over early school days and their days of fun and play together.

Up at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, Montana's father telephoned to a young man, Mr. Harry Schreck, that we were stopping at the hotel for a few days. "Why, yes; of course Miss Montana was with us," to an inquiry from Harry, who put in an early appearance, adding one more plate to our dinner table in that large, spacious dining room. Harry, knowing the city, showed us around in an entertaining way.

We were up at old sleepy Baltimore for a couple of days. Not stopping at Philadelphia, we landed in beautiful Washington, D. C., where those New England dinners were not up to the standard of our appetites, and Montana and her father frequently indulged in eating between meals. Montana, mother and Roger walked down those winding stairs of the Washington monument, some 520 feet, and they all laid off sight-seeing the following day to recuperate. The Government buildings and the Smithsonian Institute were highly instructive and interesting to all. On up to dear old New York, Fifth Avenue, Broadway, and Coney Island was as far as we got. We then went down into the sunny South through Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia, to sunny Florida—Jacksonville, old Spanish St. Augustine, and to Miami, where we remained two

months or more among the tropical vegetation and beautiful palms and the gorgeous scenery of Bay Biscayne.

Resuming our trip north, we stopped at our home town in Indiana. Dear Montana had much interesting conversation of her trip to tell her friends and relatives. Again traveling northward, upon arriving in St. Paul, Minnesota, we decided to make that city our home, which was ever after the home of dearest Montana, to her delight. St. Paul was glorious to her. She dearly loved those large department stores and would wander through them for hours, admiring the many beautiful things on display. Shortly we built a palatial little home out near Phalen Park, which contained one of Minnesota's charming lakes within its borders. During the summer months there were throngs of visitors, band music, bathing and boating; in the winter time, skating rinks, music and carnivals. This park was indeed a very fine one and was maintained exclusively as a family park, Montana spending many of her idle hours there for some years in our early residence there, but gradually being drawn away with more exciting things of life found down in the heart of the big city.

Woven into the beautiful life of Montana was mystery, romance and happiness, as for Montana at eighteen, there was probably no more glorious distractingly beautiful girl in the whole world. She was noble, grand and lovable. With her bright, cheerful face, she was loved by all who met her and her life was filled with an indescribable lavishness and happiness. With legions of friends and admirers indulging in pleasant pastimes, theaters, movies, dancing and good eats at those big dinners she relished so well, and dressing in an elaborate fashion, were her profoundest dreams of pleasure and happiness. She obtained from life its fullest measure of enjoyment and happiness.

Her mother never permitted Montana to do any house work, with the exception of little fanciful whims of hers in the decoration or arrangement of her room, or sometimes the drying of the dishes after a meal, but by no means was our dearest Montana an idle girl. She devoted her time in an extraordinarily useful manner in the making of fancy-work, drawings and paintings, in which she was highly interested and accomplished. While not exactly musically inclined, she was the master of the mandolin, playing very well and sweetly, and much enjoyed by her listeners.

Montana became a student of dramatic art, with great success, giving readings at many churches and other entertainments. Her splendid readings and personality endeared her to the audience. A play given by her dramatic art graduating class entitled, "Lucia's Lover," out at Hazel Park, met with much favorable comment in the highly capable manner in which Montana played her part. Elaborately gowned, those saucy curls went astray in golden ringlets over her fair forehead, presenting a living picture of beauty. Of her readings, I recall that she gave in a masterly way, "Fraidy-cat," "Columbus," "Wreck of the Hesperdes," "Curfew Shall Not Ring," and others. The magnetic influence of stage life had enthralled her. She played one continuous season in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, another season in Buffalo, New York, one season with a road show playing "The Girl of the Golden West," and one season as entertainer for Marcus Lowe Company. Frequently coming home for long vacations and rests, she would be beseiged with letters and offers from many sources, which were most always declined, as she was looking for something more thrilling, something out of the ordinary to satisfy that longing of her nature.

March and April of 1923 Montana and her charming little cousin from Newcastle, Indiana, were in

Chicago together, and such gushing, romantic times as they did have together. Her cousin, dainty and pretty little Lillian Lindley, was about the same size of dear Montana, with bobbed chestnut hair, fair complexion, and laughing eyes. Lillian and Montana, dressing in cunning little sport suits and tailored suits of charming design, attracted much attention toward the table where they happened to be dining. Being fond of the movies and such places of amusement, they often ate at the Republic, or as they had playfuly nick-named it, "the Janes," on State street. There they could be served in a cleanly and appetizing manner those wonderful salads, which they both loved so well. Down in Chinatown those funny little noodles and side dishes of the Orient appealed to their appetites and curiosity. Wandering through those quaint shops and large department stores was wonderful to them and never to be forgotten. May God's kindest blessings forever be with Lillian for her faithful and loving devotion to our dearest Montana, and may the benevolent sunlight of the future change the falling tear drops of sorrow into shining pearls of gladness. It was Lillian who so wonderfully understood dear Montana, all of her little pet habits, traits of character, her love and adoration for people, and things of life she so readily comprehended.

Montana had a host of girl friends in the city of St. Paul. Those remembered by me are Florence Bosky, Jeanette Larson, Myrtle Smallbach, Helen Aronson, Frances Hardwick, Rose Wyman, Mrs. Robert Anderson and Ethel Helmer. Time has effaced others from my memory. Amazing was the wonderful love and affection dearest Montana had stored up for those charming girl friends of hers, and her friendship was of the steadfast, sincere love that can only come from the fountain of youth, and loyalty of the type of this dearest of all girls,

Montana, the winsome and dazzling girl of the golden west.

Montana's ideal, the pinnacle of her excitement, had not yet been attained. One day when in a remote city playing an engagement, she learned of an attraction wanting a lady of diminutive size to make a parachute drop. Montana applied in person. A few verbal instructions, and in less than ten minutes she was among the clouds, completing a spectacular and pretty drop which completely infatuated her with the thrill of floating to earth. She subsequently made other perfect drops over a period of six weeks, giving her the joys and thrills of life she had been longing for.

Montana spent the entire summer of 1924 at her St. Paul home with her mother and Brother Roger, her father being absent in far away Florida. Such a delightful visit and good times did she have all that summer with mother and brother, out at those beautiful lakes, for which Minnesota is so famous; at the parks, theaters and movies, dinners and parties. Her mother and brother were with her most of the time. Never before had her dear mother been so pleasantly entertained by dear Montana. Their companionship seemed inseparable. Her mother and brother passionately and imploringly had endeavored all that summer to dissuade darling Montana from again taking up that hazardous work of parachute dropping, which dear Montana held a contract for in the early fall months, which were fast approaching. "Just a few more times, dear mother," and "Brother, a few more thrills, then I will become tired of it," were her replies to them. From the distance, through correspondence, her father endeavored to persuade her to abandon the work, giving her valuable land holdings and city lots as a bribe, preliminary to the final appeal that would be made later on, as dear

Montana was to visit her father in sunny Florida that winter.

The autumn day was drawing to a close. The sun had set early, as though loth to pass into night. It was Montana's last night to spend with mother and brother in her St. Paul home. She was leaving the following morning for Denver and Pueblo, Colorado, and on down into the southland, where she would be with her father several long months, making those dangerous drops from parachutes at important cities as she came on southward. That beautiful September day when she was departing from her ever welcome home, Montana begged her mother to eat once more that appetizing dish of chop suey, and they lingered and ate heartily of what was to Montana the best of all dishes, Montana running merrily to catch the train in that magnificent new Union Depot. Entering that luxurious Pullman car, she gazed wonderingly and affectionately for the last time at her dear mother. With sadness in her heart for the absence of her only daughter, with that bitter pang, the feeling that something might happen to dearest Montana in that dangerous work, the mother's cup was filled to overflowing with the bitterness of life as she returned to her home.

Montana had written from Pueblo, Kansas City, and Dallas, Texas, of the splendid times she was having, vividly describing in detail her drops, the success she was having, and ever on and on weaving a pretty romance around her youthful life of gaiety, pleasures and thrills, which was all so fascinating to her. On and on to the many pretty little cities through Texas she wandered, playing her engagements of thrills at the county fairs, bringing around her a gathering of beautiful children which she loved so dearly, and accepting pretty invitations from them, would accompany them to their homes, and was always royally enter-

tained, much loved and admired by all with whom she came in contact. Many of the elderly people, particularly mothers, frequently went to her when she was about to make an ascension and tried to persuade her from going up, pointing out the dangers therein. She would only smilingly say, "My dear lady, there is positively no danger," and explain how glorious the excitement was to her very soul of existence.

Down in that beautiful city of Houston, Texas, she enjoyed several days of sight-seeing, theaters and movies, prior to making her drops, which were scheduled for a later date out at that pretty Luna Park, among the many attractions, including the highest roller coaster in the United States, miniature railroads, and every known entertainment for the young and the old.

It would not be long now, Montana would entertainingly write to her dear mother away up in St. Paul. She was a splendid correspondent and her letters were always beaming over with interesting events and happenings, describing them so vividly and clearly in her own imaginative manner. "It won't be long now, dear mama," she would say; and the happy days for her passed in pleasant romance of her young life.

CHAPTER V

MONTANA'S FANCIES

MONTANA was a fluent and entertaining conversationalist. She had that splendid idea of knowing how to dress in a charming and becoming manner and possessed that rare ability of applying rouge and powder without overdoing.

Any discarded clothing always went to someone who had admired a particular garment and she had a rare trait of giving it to them without offense. Making them feel so happy in receiving the gift was her delight.

She was particularly fond of planked white fish, chop suey, salads and all fancy dishes. She never ate butter, and no food that to her knowledge contained butter. A great lover of olive oil, she used this generously instead of butter. Montana had the best appetite of any person I ever knew and ordered her eats regardless of the cost.

Possessed of a fearless, courageous disposition, at the Indianapolis speedway at the auto races, she would lean away forward in her seat to bring her closer to those speeding demons in their racing cars. At circuses, among the wild animals, she would touch them unafraid, even touching those creeping, crawling snakes; yet on our own velvety lawn, if by chance she should spy a tiny grasshopper, she would scream with fright. She was a true lover of birds, animals, and beautiful things of life. Especially were the dogs and cats her dear friends. Never did she pass up a stray dog or cat without giving them her attention, and many times she solicited the aid of others and found them food and a home.

Montana never cared for a real small baby, but

after they reached the age of three or four years she dearly loved them, and was indeed a great favorite with all children. In my vision and my fancy, I can now see little tots out in the yard or sitting on our porch steps calling, "Oh, ho, Monty," and waiting for her to come down stairs or out into the yard with them.

She spent all the money she could get hold of for garments, nick-knacks and things that she really did not need, only because it was something slightly different. A shrewd buyer of merchandise, she was very seldom stung in her purchases. At other times she appeared to reflect more in her purchases, often consuming days or weeks in thinking over a purchase of a particular thing, looking at it every day at the store in the meantime, and deliberating in her own mind.

The movies were Montana's greatest enjoyment and pleasure of life. She loved the bright lights, the gay sound of the music, the glitter and glamor of the stage. Montana was acquainted with many of the stars of the speaking stage and the movie screen, through personal contact and correspondence. She could entertainingly talk for days, discussing the merits of a play or a screen picture. In those halcyon days of Mary Pickford, she was our dearest Montana's favorite screen artist, and Montana had some pretty little letters from the dear Mary of her fancies.

Dearest Montana lived the Golden Rule of life—chivalrous, winsome, gentle, kind, and loving; retained her friends, yet possessed a diplomatic air that held her aloof from intimacy. She had scattered seeds of kindness for her reaping by and by. She possessed that splendid, cheerful aptitude of adapting herself to any circumstances or surroundings.

She courted notoriety; the more glaring the headlines, the better they were to her liking. She re-

tained all of her write-ups and frequently would be found turning the pages of that mammoth scrap book eagerly and passionately, with fond memories, reading of the days gone by.

Montana's favorite flowers were the princess feather, aster, blue bell, and marigold.

Dearest Montana was highly interested in photographs and photography, frequently having her picture made. While in Pittsburgh she had taken lessons in tinting and retouching of photographs, and could wonderfully and skillfully bring out expressions in a picture that made them appear life-like.

She immensely enjoyed carnival concessions. Side shows were her hobby, and she would well know there were many fakes mixed into their dishing up, yet from one to the other, she endeavored to see them all. She always had sympathy and great regard for the vendors and the speilers, always bestowing upon them a glad smile or a cheerful word, that perhaps sank into their hearts, causing them to think of home, their own dear mother and sisters. At fairs and places of multitudes of people she was thrilled with excitement. Enjoying all there was to be seen and mingling with the crowds brought her happiness.

Slumming trips with a gentleman companion found her wandering through those districts, talking childish talk to those little urchins she discovered, frequently discovering some particular home or child that she took an extraordinary liking to, and later returning with something of consequence for the little child. Admonishing their mothers in that pleasant way of hers as to the care of some of the little tots in their dress, their hair, faces and clothing, brought marked improvement in many instances.

Christmas and birthdays were sacred to dear Montana. She considered it an unpardonable of-

fense not to give remembrances to her family and to her closest friends, and she generously gave as far as her meager purse permitted.

On her trips she carried innumerable articles for her enjoyment. For instance, she had a large black leather cat that looked as real as a living cat. Montana would stand it on her wardrobe trunk and talk to it as though it were alive.

Songs that dearest Montana loved and would sing and hum were, "When the Sheep are in the Fold," "Cheyenne," "Sometime, Somewhere," "Love's Golden Dream," and "Red Wing."

She held very high ideals of life and humanity and was always courteous, kind and true to others in all walks of life. A noble trait of this sunshine girl of the golden west was that she always had a good word for everybody.

From the pretty little city of Houston, Texas, on October 18, 1924, she again wrote to her dearest of all mothers, "It won't be long now." Smiling coquettishly from beneath her golden bobbed hair, "Tomorrow, Sunday the 19th, I make an ascension and drop." She smiled expectantly of the thrill she again longed for, which to her meant so much; the very food of life to her dear little starved soul for excitement. "It won't be long now, dear mama," she wrote, and mailed the letter which sped on its journey to far away St. Paul, Minnesota.

CHAPTER VI

THE CURTAIN OF LIFE

ON that fair October Sabbath evening the sun shown brightly over the hilltops of the little city of Houston, that held within its gates a precious life, our only daughter, our darling Montana, child of our fondest dreams. The church bells of all creeds pealed forth their individual invitations to God's house of worship. "Jesus is waiting and calling for you; oh, why will you die?" was pealed far over the hills and into the valleys. Could dearest Montana have looked into the crystal ball of fate and reckoned the nearness the pealing of those bells brought her face to face with the death angel of God; could she have recalled "Creed of the Bells," written in her book of poems at her youthful age of thirteen, would she not have been justified in disappointing that crowd of merry-makers gathered at Luna Park in the evening of her life to witness her daring feat of dropping out of a balloon more than 2,000 feet from the sky? In her heart the words, "Creed of the Bells," on her honor and truthfulness, to her were the promises to her friends that she would not disappoint them in her last thrill, in the glories and the ecstasy she experienced in floating from dizzy heights to earth, as on the wings of a fairy.

Two of the parachutes furnished her were old, defective, broken, and tied together. Her first parachute carried her to within eighteen hundred feet of the earth, when she discarded it, depending on the other two, and again she was true to her friends and to her promises, endeavoring to make three distinct drops. Again, softly pealing in musical tones of sweetness, wafted o'er the valley

the distant sounds of a church bell, "Jesus is calling, calling for you; oh, why will you die?" Into the stillness, the quietness of the evening of her life, standing near, was an angel of Heaven. The settings of the stage in Heaven, at the throne of God, with curtain raised, was that invisible audience of God's angels waiting, tenderly waiting for the curtain of earthly life forever and forever to be rung down on "Monty," the loving, darling child of the golden west. The two remaining parachutes did not open. Her dear, precious life was given back to God, her creator, on her honor of truthfulness.

"Creed of the bells, oh ring again,"
A chorus of God's angels sang.
"The sweetest daughter from earth is given
An angel's crown with God in Heaven."

In a nearby sandy field her little body lie beneath the gaudy-colored silken parachutes that failed her. Her spirit life had entered into the heavens of God, her maker. In that stillness and silence of the multitudes of merry-makers, her darling body was lovingly and tenderly taken away from the scene of the tragedy of her young life. Through the distant woodland there floated the soft sound of a silvery bell, in accents sweet, to bear her spirit soul to God, her redeemer.

"Nearer my God to Thee, nearer to Thee," pealed
the bell,
A sweet story of this precious loved one to tell.
"Creed of the bells, in coming years
Peal soft, soft music to our ears.
Memories of Montana on honor bright
That gave her life to do the right.
Creed of the bells, thy music swell,
The love of darling Montana tell.
With Jesus, her Savior, we bid farewell, farewell."

CREED OF THE BELLS

(From Dearest Montana's Book of Poems)

How sweet the chimes of the Sabbath bell!
Each one its creed in music tells,
In tones that float upon the air
As soft as song and as pure as prayer.
And I will put in simple rhyme
The language of the golden chime.
My happy heart with rapture swells,
Responsive to the bells, sweet bells.

"In deeds of love, excel, excel,"
Chimed out from ived towers, a bell;
"This is the church, not built on sands,
Emblem of one not built with hands;
Its forms and sacred rites revere,
Come worship here, come worship here;
In ritual and faith, excel,"
Chimed out the Episcopalian bell.

"Oh, heed the ancient land marks well,"
In solemn tones, explained a bell;
"No progress made by mortal man
Can change the just eternal plan.
Do not invoke the avenging rod;
Come here and learn the way to God;
Say to the world, 'Farewell, farewell,' "
Pealed out the Presbyterian bell.

"Oh, swell, ye cleansing waters, swell,"
In mellow tones rang out a bell;
"Through faith only in Christ can save;
Man must be plunged beneath the wave
To show the world unfaltering faith
In what the sacred Scripture saith;
Oh, swell, ye rising waters, swell,"
Pealed out the clear-toned Baptist bell.

"Not faith alone, but work as well,
Must test the soul," said a soft bell.
"Come here and cast aside your load
With faith in God, and faith in man,
And hope in Christ, where hopes began.
Do well, do well, do well, do well,"
Pealed forth the Unitarian bell.

"In after life there is no hell,"
In rapture sang a cheerful bell;
"Look up to Heaven this holy day
Where angels wait to lead the way.
There are no fires, no fiends to blight
The future life; be just and right;
No hell, no hell, no hell, no hell,"
Rang out the Universalist bell.

"To all the truth we tell, we tell,"
Shouted in ecstasies, a bell.
"Come, all ye weary wanderers, see—
Our Lord has made salvation free.
Repent, believe, have faith, and then
Be saved, and praise the Lord, amen.
Salvation's free, we tell, we tell,"
Shouted the Methodistic bell.

The body of our precious Montana was sent to her Grandma Walker at Charlottesville, Indiana, where burial took place in beautiful Glencove cemetery at Knightstown, Indiana, among friends, relatives and acquaintances of the girlhood days of my wife, Ellis, and of my own boyhood days. Beautiful expressions of love, sympathy and kindness were extended by those sorrowful friends and relatives through charming floral designs that were strewn in the pathway to her everlasting resting place.

Darling Montana, once again, in my fancy, I hold you in my arms and press my lips to your sweet face, and God be with you till we meet again.

You may break, you may shatter
The vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses
Will linger still.

To Jesus, the savior of the world; the Lord, our redeemer; friends, neighbors, and relatives: I come to Thee today in a spirit of rejoicing; not in the narrow sense, but in the broader sense of God's wisdom, His teachings, His love, and tender mer-

cies. He has spoken the words, "Come unto me, all ye little children, and I will give you life." What a beautiful thought—"Come unto me and I will give you life."

Our individualities are of God's own handiwork, of His liking, and creation. Individual fancies, wrongdoings and happiness are transmitted to the mind, the soul and body through His mysterious power. We on earth are individuals of our own destiny. The blessings of the Lord strengthen us in our own individualities.

We rejoice in the thought that this beautiful life, so suddenly called away to God, her creator, is assured of her peace and happiness in God's kingdom. Her beautiful life, her kindness, her cheerfulness and good will were radiated through her countenance of love and expression, beaming ever radiantly beautiful from her cheerful face, pure as the azure skies of the heavens above. Her devotion to the little children, for whom she always had a glad smile of welcome, a word of cheer, which was imbedded in their hearts and souls, kindled a fire of love within them for this dear girl of tragedy.

Her love and kindness did not stop at her regard and sympathies for human beings. Nay, it was transferred and extended to the lowly dumb animals of life. Her affection, her tenderness for some poor unfortunate dog or cat will honor her memory forever and forever. It was not uncommon, and frequently happened, that in journeying through the congested districts of our large cities, she would come upon some poor little kitten, being trampled upon, kicked and cuffed by the multitudes of pedestrians. She of the noble and higher ideals of life, no matter what her engagement was, or who her companion, would stop, tenderly pick up the little creature of misfortune, and find it food and shelter.

Words of tongue or pen are inadequate to portray the high ideals and the loving character of this darling girl. Her memory will bring forth retrospective pictures in commemoration of the many pleasant occasions enjoyed with her, by her friends, acquaintances and family.

Norvella Montana LeMay, the girl of mystery, this daughter of destiny, was born at Cinnabar, Montana, entrance to Yellowstone National Park, in the year 1895, month of March, the twelfth day, and died at the city of Houston, state of Texas, in the year 1924, month of October, the nineteenth day.

In attempting a parachute drop at an altitude of more than 2,000 feet at Luna Park, Houston, Texas, to thrill, to satisfy the morbid, uncanny crowd of spectators that are ever longing for the spectacular, her precious life was sacrificed in their entertainment. God forbid the same fate is ever meted out to another's fair daughter. Vivacious, courageous and fearless, possessed of a pleasing personality, instantly won for her the friendship and admiration of those she met. True to her God, true to her friends, and to her word, she endeavored to fulfill her promise of making three distinct drops with three parachutes strapped to her belt. At a dizzy height of over 2,000 feet she cut loose from a 75-foot balloon. Now, her life was depending on those three parachutes. She dropped as a rocket several hundred feet, when the first parachute opened, slowly checking her fall, by which she could have safely floated to the ground. But the world of today demanded something more daring—another sacrifice of a life. She was to cut loose from the first parachute, open the second, again cut loose and open the third, in which she was to drift to the ground. Instantly she sensed death and danger in that second parachute, and cut the string which would open the third and last

parachute. Something was wrong with it also; it never opened; the earth seemed to rise up to meet her. Her dear little body struck the ground in a sandy field about three blocks away from the giddy throngs of merry-makers in the park.

The music ceased. The continued barking of the speilers, the jazz orchestra, the roller coaster and scenic railway all seemed to stop, for death was in their wake—another life sacrificed. This dear girl had given her life for their pleasures. It was only for a moment. "Ah, ah, ah," ran the murmur through the deceitful and mocking crowd, "she's dead. On with the music, on with the dance; let joy be unconfined."

Dear reader, if they could have been a silent witness to the poor little mother, far remote from the scene of the tragedy, the recipient of a telegram conveying the sad news— to have witnessed her grief, her sorrow and anguish—perchance their hearts may have softened and a tear bedimmed the eye.

Could there have been a farmer's kindly haystack to have protected her dear little body from the hard earth below, she may have lived to have proclaimed to the world the folly of the class of entertainment demanded today, and may God teach the world it shall not be again.

Her dear little body, covered with the gaily-silken parachutes that had denied her, was tenderly placed in an unknown automobile, but she had died; the spirit of a winsome life had departed this earth.

God, in his infinite wisdom and love, lifted the veil and showed me her fall in a vision of a dream, and in some mysterious, divine manner I was lifted heavenward. When she fell by me, the swish of the wind was so violent that I awoke while reaching out to protect her.

So faithfully, persistently and courageously did she endeavor to save her life for mother, brother,

friends and relatives. She has planted a monument of roses in the garden of love that time can never, never efface. We on earth honor and cherish her memory. We submit to God, "Thy will be done."

She went forth in life's fair morning,
She went forth in the bloom of youth,
And plucked for her adorning
The precious pearls of truth.

MY PRAYER

Almighty God in the highest, we come to Thee in this sad hour of bereavement and seek Thy comfort and Thy blessings.

We do pray, oh Lord, Thy comfort and tender mercies for the poor broken-hearted mother; sustain her in her grief for her departed daughter, Montana; guide her in the knowledge of Thy love, that she now has a treasure laid up in Heaven; bless her with Thy wondrous love.

Dear God, comfort the brother, Roger; lead him in a life of righteousness and devotion to his only and darling sister, Montana.

God, I pray you that the life of the father of this noble daughter shall be sacredly devoted to her love and memory and to the higher ideals of humanity and life.

That you will tenderly care for the spirit soul and body of this dear beloved daughter and sister, so tragically taken away from us.

Dear God, may our lives all be devoted in sacred worship and preparedness to fit ourselves to join the departed—this beautiful angel child—in Thy realms of glory. Amen.

MEMORIES OF DARLING MONTANA

Montana, thou hast gone far, far on high;
God has called you home, no more to die.

Sweetest angel child, in Heaven above,
With God your savior, where all is love,
Our grief, our sorrow on earth below
Is comforted in the thought we know,
That your spirit soul is white as snow.

God called you home in your young life,
Took you from the troubles of earthly strife,
Has crowned you an angel of delight.
In memory of you I kneel at my bedside each night.
My heart is broken, my loneliness is great—
That I, you'll soon meet at the wide pearly gate.

The dear friends you left on earth mourn for you—
They were numbered by the thousands—they were not few—
They loved you dearly, and your sweet, childish patter,
Your rougish smile and silvery laughter,
And your memory will ever be sacred in the hereafter.

You thrilled the crowds in many ways;
You flirted with death in your youthful days.
Your parents' warning was sent to you—
We tried to prevent what we certainly knew,
That a tragic death would happen to you;
But dearest daughter, your faith was true
In the three tangled parachutes that failed on you.

In pretty Glencove cemetery your dear body was laid to rest;
Your funeral was preached by the minister you loved best.
And the sun will forever and forever shine over your grave,
For your peace and happiness with God you made.
Fragrant flowers will ever bloom over you.
Your message of love to friends I will strew.

Although not present, I witnessed your death;
You were a heroine; you bravely tried to save yourself.
God sent me a vision of you in a dream,
And you, darling Montana, your fall I plainly seen.
You desperately was trying to untangle the ropes,
The parachutes beyond your reach, with which you could not cope.
In those few moments of your life you lived through it all—
You made peace with your God; messages to me you gave as you did fall.

You sent mother, brother and me messages of love in that rapid flight.
God showed me your picture in Heaven again the next night,
An angel in Heaven, with God at your right.

May our lives be sacredly devoted in memory and love
To our dearest sweet child that we all fondly loved,
And may God prepare us in righteousness
To meet our darling Montana in Heaven above.

OUR ANGEL CHILD

NORVELLA MONTANA
LE MAY

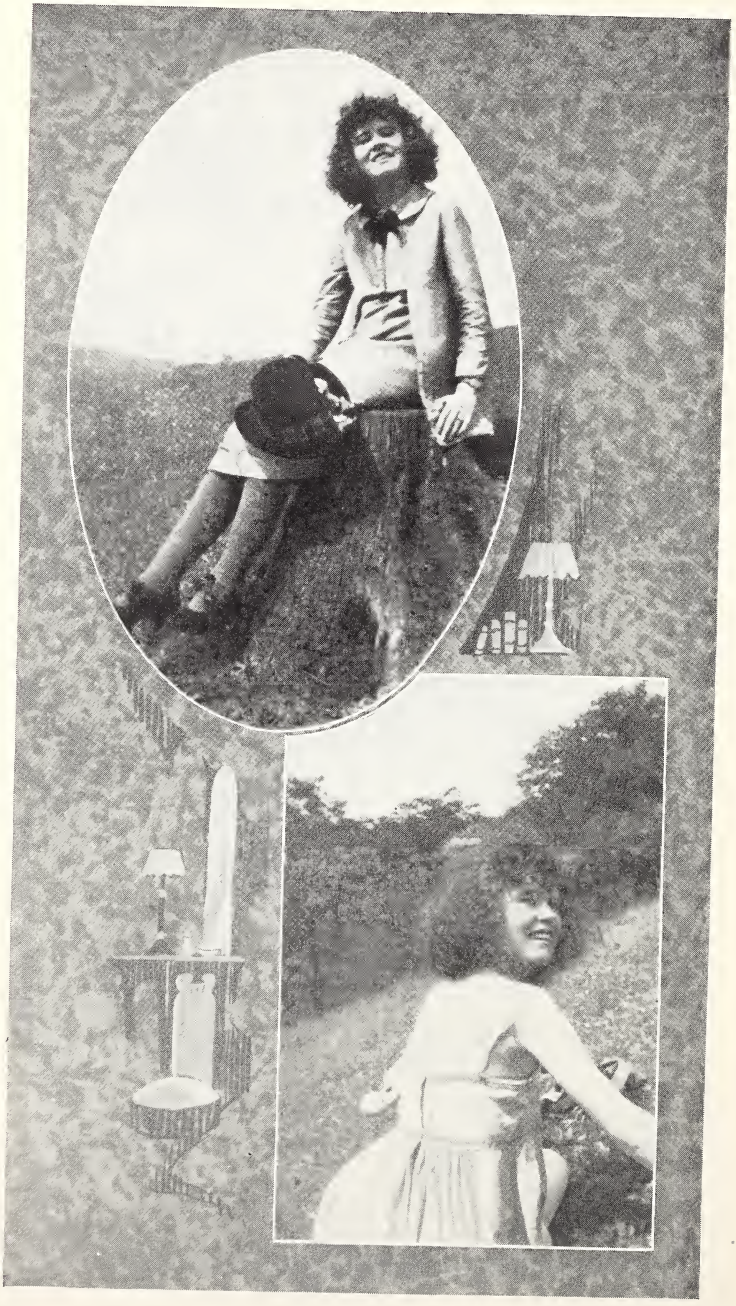
Beloved and Darling Daughter
of Late and Ellis LeMay.
Sister of Roger LeMay.

Born at Cinnabar, Montana,
March 12th, 1895.

Died at Houston, Texas,
October 19th, 1924.

Age 29 years, 7 months,
7 days.

Sweet be thy sleep, oh darling child.
The fairest of angels with God abide.
Your life's golden days from earth they have flown;
Your sweet spirit soul has entered unto God's sacred throne.
With your precious young life you have atoned
To Jesus, your savior, for your heavenly home.



CHAPTER VII

MEMORIES

MY WONDERFUL DREAM

LAST night I had a dream, oh so beautiful, grand and sweet. The doors of Heaven were opened to me, just as the curtain of an elaborate stage, slowly, slowly rising, revealing the interior of a glorious, gorgeous and magnificent room of gold with golden subdued light. Beautiful woven and handsome tapestries and laces of gold were draped and hung in beauteous effects—a revelation of grandness indescribable, with a bed of gold of magnificence and grandeur. Lying on that exquisite bed of gold, in that large commodious room, was our darling Montana with her beautiful face and golden hair softly entwining, showing her sweet face purer and more sacred than when on earth. She was ill from the fall to earth on that fatal day, her poor little body almost convalescent from those bruises, hurts and pains that she endured in striking the hard earth. Her entire life on earth was revealed to me. Just as a mist would disappear under the bright sunshine from Heaven, all of the vague remembrances of time, places, happenings and occurrences disappeared from me, and the revelations of her life opened to me as the broad expanse of an unlimited range of vision.

This remarkable occurrence of the mysteries of God occurred to me at about four o'clock on the morning of April 17, 1925. I had prayed fervently to God and to dearest Montana, upon retiring, asking that an inspiration from Heaven be sent me in the writing of the book of the memories of dear Montana, of her young life on this glorious and beautiful earth. I did not sleep any more, but re-

flected over the marvelous things of her life that were brought back so vividly to my memory of long years gone by. The faces, the pictures of places and things, were as plain as life. Names of people, places and things were revealed to me that I had completely forgotten and were lost to my memory of those long ago days. Surely and certainly were my prayers answered by God and dear Montana.

I believe fully and sincerely that in our sufferings and ailments of life that in Heaven one is not immediately made whole, or well, but that they undergo a period of convalescence.

Whatever you have admired and construed as of the beautiful of this earth can not compare with the sublimity of grandeur that I beheld in that golden room of Heaven, where was our dearest darling Montana.

Dear reader, may the inspiration of this prayer and the results obtained be an object lesson of the wonders of God and of Heaven.

Sincerely,

Late LeMay.

Palmdale, Florida,
April 17, 1925.

ONLY A PICTURE

A tiny picture of Montana centered below
With picturesque colors of golden glow;
And reflections of her golden hair,
Color of her dear eyes are shown in there.
Treasure state, Montana, the place of her birth,
Land of romance, valleys and rills,
Towering mountains, lakes and hills.
This dear picture I have treasured for years,
Now mingled with countless sighs and tears,
I am sending you for a little keepsake
In loving memory of dearest Montana and her
birth state.

Late LeMay,
Palmdale, Florida,
March 14th, 1925.

To Mrs. Late LeMay,
Saint Paul, Minnesota.

The original, sent to Mrs. LeMay, contained in this space a tiny picture of the state of Montana with beautiful colors of golden sunset reflecting against the towering mountains, lakes and rivers, ever reminding one of our dearest Montana's golden curls.

MONTANA'S BIRTHDAY—1895-1925—MARCH TWELFTH

Away out in dear old Montana, far, far away,
It was there our precious darling first saw the light of day.
Beneath the snow-capped mountains, under blue and fleecy skies,
An angel gave you to us, and there you first opened your eyes.
You were the dearest girl baby out in the far golden west;
All of our neighbors endeavored to love you the very best.

Your dear little mother watched over you with tender care and delight,
And tucked you up cozy and warm in your bed each and every night.
You grew to be a large baby with golden ringlets all over your head;
Soon began to talk. "What's that?" were the first words that you said.
You had a sweet disposition, always smiling, happy and gay;
Looked wonderfully cunning as in the arms of your mother you lay.

March twelfth, the date of your birth, in those halcyon days,
A blizzard was raging; we had no advantage of the city ways.
The snow drifted in through the roof and the cracks of our old shack,
Covered the floor and the bed and the old flour sack.
The stove was red hot; there was love in our hearts, and nothing to lack.

Birthdays—one, two, three—and the dearest child that ever could be;
You were our joy, our pride, and your winning ways appealed to me.
Books, games, dolls, teddy bears, all by the score;
Anything else you had of wished, we would have given you more.
Dearest child, could we then have known the fate for you in store,
Could it have been prevented; could we have done more?

Other birthdays for you would come and go
And each succeeding year you grew more charming, and so,
Until a young lady, our pride and our delight.
Many, many a prayer we said for you every night,
Until God, on that fatal day, took you far away,
Far, far remote from the place of your first birthday.

Backward, turn backward, O time, in thy flight;
Give us our darling child again, just for tonight.
Bring her to her dear mother, that she may caress her golden head
And live over again the days of yore and tuck her tenderly in her bed.
That she may kneel gently by her bedside, in rapturous love and delight,
And whisper softly, "Darling Montana, you are only my child again, just for tonight."

"Mother, dear mother, hold my tiny cold hands and my feet;
Come sit close beside me and I'll soon be fast, fast asleep.
Just as you did in days that have long, long gone by.
Mother, dearest mother, I am happy to be with you; now, don't cry.
Hold me in your arms, press your warm lips to my cold, cold brow;
Nestle me up close to your dear face and head; oh, mother, I am warm and happy now."

Today is your birthday; dearest Montana, we are sad—
You are with the angel that gave you to us in God's happy land.
Your dearest mother, brother and me—we grieve today—
With loving memory and kindness, wishing you a happy birthday.

OTHER MEMORIES OF DEAREST MONTANA

Have you ever felt the heartaches, have you ever endured the pain,
When the sad, sad thoughts steal over you, that you never, never shall see your darling child again?
Oh, the lonely, bitter anguish, the sad feeling sinks my spirits to the fathomless sea,
Thrusts my heartstrings to repelling that come stealing over me.
Bravely have I tried to withstand it—tried to conquer over our loss—
Lie awake nights and think of her, as upon my pillow I would toss.
In my dreams I see that long procession slowly wending its silent way,
Onward, onward, to the cemetery, where our dearest child will lay.
Mother, brother, friends and relatives—they have left her in the cold, cold ground—
Lovely and beautiful flowers in her memory on her grave, and strewn around.
She comes to me at my bedside, and at night she comes to me in my dreams,
And many of her framed pictures—plainly, all of them can be seen.
Her dear eyes, they follow me from the pictures that hang on the wall,
In that imploring and pleading way—just as she looked in her fatal fall that sad October day.
The circle in our home now is broken; our darling, darling Montana has been called away;
May mother, brother and father live Christian lives, that we will meet her on that beautiful resurrection day.

OUR DEAREST MONTANA'S FRIENDS

Mama, dear mama, please take good care of my friends, the poor dogs and the cats.
Let them come into the house and take them up into your lap.
Give them a dish of warm milk that's real nice and sweet,
Let them lie at the fireplace and purr themselves fast asleep,
Just where I used to hold Billiken and smooth the soft fur on his large head.
Don't put them out in the cold, but in a corner; make them a warm, warm bed.
Do you remember all the beautiful cats that I loved so well—
Fluffy Ruffles, Baby, Ginger, Billiken, and dear little Blue Bell?
The dear alley cats are not nearly so pretty, 'tis true,
But mama, dearest mama, you'll be kind to every one of them, won't you?
All of the dear dogs and cats, if they could talk, have a story to tell,
Which shines through their eyes that they love you so well.
Our dearest and pretty little dog, Hubby, for Roger, that my dear papa bought,
Was the dearest, dearest little dog, and I loved him a lot.
And, dear mama, my darling, darling dolls, Eva Lyle and Louise, must never be forgot.
Keep their hair combed pretty, dressed up all stylish, beautiful and gay.
And, dear mama, always keep them in memory of your loving daughter, Montana LeMay.
All the dear birds that hop and sit around among the trees,
In winter, when the ground is all covered with ice and snow, rake them up large bunches of dry, golden leaves,
That they may play in them and not freeze their tiny, tiny little feet.
Give them plenty of all good things to eat, and they will thank you with their little voice, "Tweet."

Worldly attractions had separated dear Montana from me considerably for the last few years, not intentionally on her part, but the lure of excitement, places, and the brighter lights of life to her young romantic nature held always an open date. Coming home from my work I would find her dressing to leave for down town or just leaving the house. A smile of welcome, a hello, and she had vanished among the gold and the glitter, as the jeweling electric lights sprang out against the skyline in the big city. Returning to my work again in the morning before she had awoke from her dreams of her life's happiness, days, weeks and years my heart yearned for her companionship that I so craved, and of which I could not deny her what to her was so dear and the subsistence of life to her in the longing enjoyments and pastimes she so loved.

I had wandered into a picturesque place in the tropics and made a little bungalow home in Florida, nestled in among tropical vegetation surrounded by birds and animals of life for my companions. In anticipation of Montana's visit, I had made and still contemplated many things to appeal to her nature to add to the romance, the charm of her visit that she was to make. The expectancy of a few weeks thrilled my soul with happiness. Montana was to come and stay two or three months, perhaps longer, depending on my hospitality and the entertainment I could furnish her extravagant nature to hold her with me. I had planned, I had studied her fancies, I had even solicited the aid of others in her pleasures to make her have a delightful time. I had gleaned an opportunity that I had so long cherished and hoped for, of actually becoming really acquainted with my daughter. I had planned in the little home all sorts of conveniences for her entertainment and pleasure and her happiness. I had anticipated in those two or three

months to successfully accomplish the real importance of her visit—of persuading her to abandon that hazardous work of parachute dropping. I was prepared to bribe her, to give her my all, if necessary, to quit that dangerous work. I had so many, many opportunities planned for her that I feel certain that I would have won out in my persuasion and that she would have given up that employment forever. Alas, the death angel claimed dearest Montana, my only little girl, before she reached me.

Situated in a wilderness of tropical vegetation one-half mile from anyone, in a jungle, alone, with no outside communication except radios, on October 17 a tropical storm swept over all south Florida in its fury, with torrents of rain and strong winds. Incessantly it rained four days and nights. All around me was lakes and rivers of water. My land and house standing high out of the water, there came to my yard and to my house the native animals—cows, sheep, goats, pigs, turkeys, and birds of many descriptions, sitting on the porches and under the eaves of the house for protection, reminding me of the days of Noah and the ark. At the beginning of the storm I had a dream of Montana falling and could plainly see her desperate efforts to untangle the parachutes. So accurate was every movement of her dear hands to help herself from that fatal fall, that to me, her not being saved, adds to my bitterness, my sorrows, and my anguish, grief that seems unbearable.

Nearer and nearer, dearest Montana was coming closer and closer to me. She was at Pueblo and Kansas City, coming on down to Dallas and across that little neck of land that would bring her into Florida and to me. Oh, those glorious days for me were counted by the moments until she would be here. I wondered and hoped that she would be in every auto that came my way. On October 20, the rain pouring down, there came a nigger wading

water to his neck. I knew the worst; I scented what that telegram contained—a tragedy—my only and dearest daughter had lost her life. Alone in my grief and anguish, no one to comfort me, I only had the presence of mind to ask the nigger to come again the following day for telegrams, through which I learned of the funeral arrangements, and in my isolated place I observed and took a part in the last sacred rights to the memory of my dear child away down in Florida, while her funeral was held among her friends in an Indiana town.

TO DARLING MONTANA

My heart with rapture swells
As the pages in this little book it tells
Of your beautiful life and deeds of love
To faithful friends and God above.

THAT LOVED ONE AND YOU

Oh, why should we live far, far apart,
You and I, my old sweet, sweetheart?
Though memory of years may have grown old,
The fast, fast fleeting days would unfold
The moments of today, full of sorrow,
Change into the gladness of tomorrow
As mornings refreshed with the scented dew;
Today I think of a loved one, and you, only you.
Heaven and earth holds nothing to me so dear
As that loved one and you, only you, when near.

In the gloaming of our years
Sad, sad memories fill our eyes with tears,
And the rugged mountain, high on high,
To our savior and loved one we draw nigh.
Chance you know a lonely one, give a helping hand;
A word may brighten their pathway to a better land.
Little deeds of kindness and words of love
Will give you happiness and a home with God above.
Enter ye unto your heavenly home—
Your life's work on earth was well done.
Heaven and earth holds nothing to me so dear
As that loved one, and you, only you, when near.

'Tis a sweet consolation for you to know
God's loving promises as through this world you go.
Whatever should happen for weal or for woe,
You reach the end of life's journey whiter than snow,
To meet your darling loved one that's gone on before,
Who's watching and waiting on that golden shore,
Where sorrow or unhappiness shall come again no more.
Angels are singing with harps in their hands.
In Heaven, forever in that happy land
Will you be a musician in God's sacred band.
Heaven and earth holds nothing to me so dear
As that loved one and you, only you, when near.

Late LeMay.

Palmdale, Florida.
Glades County.

(Dedicated to the memories of my wife, Ellis, and my departed daughter, Montana.)

TRIBUTE OF DEPARTING

In beautiful Glencove cemetery, many, many miles away—
Loved ones at the grave of darling Montana LeMay—
Tributes of departing in her memory of today.
Lovely and pretty flowers strewn over her this Decoration Day;
Beautiful, beautiful flowers on the grave where her little body lies.
Sweet memories of her winsome face wreathed in smiles.
Sorrows in their hearts mingled with tears and sighs.
Dearest, darling Montana, now in yonder skies,
Watching, watching, waiting, as our earthly day draws nigh,
Pleading, pleading to you, her sweet, sweet angel voice cries,
"Make haste and be ready before another sunrise.
Prepare now for eternity ere your body dies."
Love, happiness and friendship shining through her eyes,
Beautiful Isle of Somewhere, your spirit soul never, never dies.
To all ye weary wanderers this little message applies.

Late LeMay.

Palmdale, Florida,
May 30, 1925.

LOVING MEMORIES OF DEAR MONTANA

As the deep blue of Heaven brightens into brilliancy of stars, may the benevolent sunlight of the future change the falling teardrops of sorrow into shining pearls of gladness, through God's love and promises given unto you, through His loving angel child, ours and yours, darling Montana.

Late LeMay.

Palmdale, Florida,
Sunday, June 7, 1925.

CHAPTER VIII

THE TRIBUTE OF A FATHER TO THE MEMORY OF A DAUGHTER

LIKE a petal of a sweet flower, the fragrance of her memory shall be the illuminating and guiding star of my life. Unto eternity shall the softness of her dear voice echo in musical sweetness into the soul of my existence.

A ringlet, a curl from her hallowed head—my treasure.

Her faithfulness, kindness and devotion shall I proclaim to the world aloud.

On the lofty pinnacles and crest of those towering mountains that she loved in her childish glee, shall be carved her name in sacred memory, that the memory of this golden sunshine girl be an inspiration of the more noble and higher ideals of life and humanity.

To God, her savior, and to Montana, my treasure, will I pray each and every day, that her memory shall forever and forever be kept alive in the hearts of her friends. Though she has passed away from earthly life, she shall never be forgotten.

Prompted by her great love for the dear dogs and cats, I shall strive to instill in others, love and kindness toward them.

That God shall make it possible for me to enrich the happiness of every child, in memories of her wonderful love for them.

To all her friends, relatives and acquaintances, that summer skies and sunshine shall grow brighter and brighter as the years go by, that in the midst of the earthly pleasures of this mortal life you will find it convenient to anticipate the future life, through God's angels of love, who wait to lead the

way to that glorious heavenly home of ours and yours, dearest of all girls, darling Montana, the girl of the golden west.

We have put away the little dresses that our darling used to wear;
Shoes, stockings and playthings, we are guarding them with care.
Intermingled with our sorrow is a tiny lock of golden hair;
At our dining table stands a vacant, vacant chair.
Worlds would I give to see our dearest Montana sitting there.
We miss you, precious darling Montana, we miss you everywhere,
And to you, dear, dearest Montana, we bid our last sad farewell, farewell.

CHAPTER IX

THE END OF LIFE'S JOURNEY

AH, I HAVE SIGHED TO REST ME

Ah, I have sighed to rest me,
Deep in the quiet grave,
I've sighed to rest me;
But all in vain do I crave.
Fare thee well, my Montana,
fare thee well.

Out of the love I bear you,
Yield I my life for thee;
Wilt thou not think,
Wilt thou not think of me?
Oh, think of me,
My Montana, fare thee well.

REMINISCENCE

Montana, my darling girl,
Life to me is blue.
I sigh for you
And I cry for you.
My eyes will be blinded with tears
Through all the coming years.
Watch over me day by day
As in Heaven to you I pray.
Your love will lead the way
To God and you some day.
Back to my little girl sweetheart
When, never, never to part.
How well I remember when I called
you Pet;
Love shining in your eyes I see even yet.
Little girl blue, I think only, only of you;
Smiles from your loving heart, true.
I see you in your joys
Playing with childish toys.
A little girl at school,
Obedient to the rule.
A young lady of grace,
A sweet, winsome face.
And then a woman, grown,
With love and happiness unknown.
Now I gaze into space,
Looking at the memory of your dear face.

Late LeMay.

Palmdale, Florida,
August, 1925.

GOD BE WITH YOU

God be with you till we meet again;
With loving words confide you,
His spirit ever nigh you;
God be with you
Till we meet again.

Till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet at Jesus' feet;
Till we meet again,
God be with you
Till we meet again.

MONTANA

Her life was like the angels fair,
A sunbeam in the sky.
She scattered kind words and thoughts
For our reaping by and by.
The night she closed her earthly eyes
She softly whispered, "Goodnight, but not
goodbye."

Her voice lingers in my memory yet,
A sweet, soft sound that passeth by.
For who could love this girl and then forget?
For death is sleep, and somewhere yet
Love's morn will rise and never set.
She sweetly whispered, "Goodnight, but not
goodbye."

My friends on earth to me are ever nigh,
As each golden day to them passeth by.
At the portal of Heaven's golden gate
For all of them I watch and wait.
And then I'll only whisper fate.
Dear friends, goodnight, but not goodbye.

Darling Montana, no indeed, I'll not forget
Your kindly words, your winsome smile.
Sleep well, sweetheart, for all will die
And bid farewell to every fear
To mansions in the sky.
So then, goodnight, but not goodbye.

Late LeMay.

Palmdale, Florida,
August, 1925.

WHEN I AM DEAD

Weep not, dear ones, when I am dead,
But place a boulder rock just o'er my head;
And in my dreams, oh, let me see
Tenderness and love expressed for me.

Whatever kind deed I may have done,
Think of that, dear one, when o'er me the
setting sun.
Forget all the little troubles that annoy—
Think only of happiness and of joy.

Remember I always tried to do for you the
very best;
Misunderstood, more or less, let me in my
grave find rest;
I sigh for you, I die with love for you within
my breast.
Earth's sorrows and happiness for me have
passed—Heaven for me at last.

The bugle's sound will be calling thee
To cross beyond o'er the dark blue sea.
Lift up thine head and do the right;
A home for you where there is no night.
A home on Heaven's bright golden shore,
Where parting ne'er will come again no more.

Our loved one has gone to prepare
And is waiting for you and me over there;
A crown of glory at Jesus' feet.
Darling Montana, you and I, we will meet.
Live your earthly life kind and true;
Be ready when the bugle is sounded for you.

Late LeMay.

Palmdale, Florida.
October 1, 1925.

MONT'IE LEE

Oh, dear sweet baby, Mont'ie Lee,
Open wide thine eyes, that you may see
In the starry Heaven a face so bright
When mother lisps to you a prayer at night,
And tells you of your namesake and of her love,
Now the fairest of angels with God above.
Darling Montana, the girl of the golden west,
Left a name for you on earth, that she loved best.
When a voice is calling, Mont'ie Lee,
Always remember the dear girl that gave it to thee.

Dear little baby girl, Mont'ie Lee,
Cuddle up close that she may see
Five pink little fingers and five little toes
And all the pretty ruffles on baby's clothes.
Smile, baby, smile, in your sweet, sweet sleep,
Dearest Montana a watch o'er you will keep.
Some of Montana's toys we will give you for play.
"That's just what we'll do," she would say.
When a voice is calling, Mont'ie Lee,
Always remember the dear girl that gave it to thee.

When you lay me down to sleep
And ask dear God your soul to keep,
There's a dear sweet girl away over there
That always listens to baby's prayer.
You are learning to talk now; I hear you say,
"I was named after the dearest of all girls, Montana LeMay."
So, dear baby, always be loving and true
To the dear girl that gave a name to you.
When a voice is calling, Mont'ie Lee,
Always remember the dear girl that gave it to thee.

Late LeMay.

Palmdale, Florida.
October 3, 1925.

Montana's Friend, Billiken

CHAPTER X

BILLIKEN

Dearest Montana, a picture of your Billiken I put
At the end of your little book,

Just as he tagged along behind you
To some quiet and shady nook,

Where you would love and caress him with tender care,
And softly entwine your fingers through his long, shaggy hair.

Both you and Billiken have now passed away;
The loving memory of you both linger in our hearts day by day.

Your dear voice echoes in my memory of today,
As with Billiken you frolicked in childish play.

Oh, sweet one, come back to me again
With your Billiken, just for a day.

Life's sorrowful moments with you both far away;
To see you again would brighten our pathway.

From out the shadows comes a whispering prayer;
My God, I look; I see you and Billiken playing there.

Late LeMay.

Palmdale, Florida,
July, 1925.

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M y DEAR UNKNOWN--FRIEND:--

R E C E N T L Y --I lost IN a tragic -DEATH, My O N L Y AND DEAR D A U G H T E R " MONTANA.

I HAVE WROTE A MEMORIAL- b o o k IN HER MEMORY, AND H O N O R, W h i c h has BEEN "ProclaimED " WONDERFUL, AND BEAUTIFUL, THE Book is MADE UP IN TWO Color-(C l o t h) BINDINGS, MAROON, AND AliCE-BLUE W i t h titlE- " MEMORIES -Of-MONTANA, EMBOSSED IN g o l d--oN C o v E R h a s--IS ENGRAVING-PicturES of DEAR "MONTANA, that ARE VERY BEAUTIFUL" A work of Art.

I AM DESIROUS of PLACING THE REMAINDER of books I HAVE--AMONG P u b l i c- LIBRARIES. AND with THE HUMANE-socitIES.

I Wish it was PossiblE that E V E R Y--MOTHER AND DAUGHTER IN THE-W h o l E World might BE ABLE to READ t h i s book, it CONTAINS M A N Y Christian- MORALS--AND KINDNESS for THE D u m b-ANIMALS of-LifE.

THE Books ARE--N o t CHEAP " t H E Y cost ME two-dollars EACH to HAVE MADE- B U T THEY ARE giVEN A W A Y--ABSOLUTELY--FREE to THOSE THAT will takE CARE of THEM.
A N D ACKNOWLEDGE RECEIPT ON P o s t a l-card OR LETTER, or B o t h- that I Will KNOW THE Book has BEEN RECEIVED--A l s o I AM placing ALL THE MANY LOVELY EXPRESSIONS of LETTERS AND CARDS INTO " A MEMORY-A l b u m, which will BE SENT to " M O N T A N A S-DEAR MOTHER at ST-PAUL-MINN for A KEEP-SAKE.

S h o u l d You wish a copy- It will bE MY-pLEASURE, AND a PrivilEGE to Mail to You.

S I N C E R E L Y- AND good w i s h E S.

L A T E --L E M A Y.

Late LeMay

MONTANA'S --FATHER.

"O u r DEAR DAUGHTER D i E D IN Y o u r C i t y O C T-I9th--I92[illegible]— THERE ARE MANY REFERENCES to Y o u r LITTLE C i t y THRU-out THE Book. I WANT THE "M a j o r i t y to READ, AND CANNOT AFFORD MORE-books Will y o u--H E L P ME--By PASSING OUT T o MOTHERS- AND G i r l s ?

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DEAR Miss-IDESO

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J U L I A--I D E S O N.
HOUSTON-P u b l i c-Library.

DEAR Miss-IDESON:--

I THANK Y o u for ACCEPTANCE of my LITTLE book " MEMORIES-OF-MONTANA, W h i c h Go forward to Y o u UNDER SEPERATE C o v E R.

H O W E V E R, as O u r-DEAR MONTANA, MET HER DEATH IN Y o u r BEAUTIFUL LITTLE C i t y, AND THINKING PERHAPS that SEVERAL MAY " BE ANXIOUS to READ THE book " WHEN THEY LEARN of Y o u r HAVING IN Your library I AM SENDING two copiES ONE of EACH "BINDING.

I SHALL APPRECIATE Y o u r GIVING THE books as WIDE a circulatioN as possiblE that Y o u r— Good PEOPLE MAY—K N O W MORE of t h i s DEAR G i r l, W h o m- CAME to THEM IN such a STRANGE WAY, AND lost HER LIFE.
I will say " t h i s is my INITIAL- ATTEMPT at book WRITING, AND CONSIDERING thE FACT that I was SHUNTED-out ON THE WESTERN PLAINS of MONTANA, WHEN A SMALL LAd" AND NEVER REACHED THE 3 r d--GRADE IN school" I BELIEVE that G o d " INSPIRED ME IN THE WRITINGS for that LOVED -ONE.

A C C E P T-pLEASE my KIND good wishES.

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